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SUMMER BOOKS SUPPLEMENT

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Premature Obsequies over Geneva

WHAT are Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden going to say to the American President and the Secretary of State during their "week-end" at Washington? Asked at his press conference whether the visit would advance the birth of a collective security system for South-East Asia, Mr. Dulles held, prematurely, that "Great Britain now feels that whatever possibility may once have existed at Geneva has been exhausted, and that other alternatives should be considered." He added, however, that the visit was not occasioned by any "emergency." We sincerely trust that Sir Winston and the Foreign Secretary will hold Mr. Dulles to this obviously sane line—that this is a case, not for rash, panicky decisions, but for a cool assessment of the situation. Fortunately, there is time for reflection. In the first place it seems probable that the rainy season in Indo-China will impose, until September, a lull in the fighting: there is little chance, until the autumn, of an all-out Viet Minh offensive against Hanoi. Secondly, despite the curious eagerness of the British and American press to conduct obsequies over Geneva, it would be wrong—as even M. Bidault and Mr. Bedell Smith agree—to write off the Conference as a completed failure.

There was little chance, this week, of serious progress in the absence, to all intents and purposes, of a French delegation; and there will be no cause for surprise if Mr. Eden announces that the proceedings will be "slowed down" while he reports to Parliament and visits Washington, and while the two Commands discuss—in accordance with their directive from the Conference—the military details of a re-grouping of forces on both sides. But for the West to insist on winding up the Conference before a new French Government has had an opportunity to frame and declare its policy would have been wholly unjustified. It was over Indo-China that M. Laniel fell; and it is in the hope that a "new broom" will do better that the Assembly is choosing his successor. Moreover, on one of the two main points still at issue in Geneva—the composition of the Commission to supervise an armistice—Mr. Molotov this week made a considerable concession. Though he still wants the Commission to consist of India, Pakistan, Czechoslovakia and Poland, he now proposes that India should be the permanent chairman and should have a casting vote on all questions, apparently, save the "major" decision that one side or the other has committed a breach of the armistice "likely to lead to war."

As for the other point of immediate unresolved difference—the withdrawal of Communist forces (regular or irregular) from Laos and Cambodia—though agreement is not yet "in the bag," there are hopes that deadlock can be avoided. Chou En-lai's conciliatory speech on Wednesday suggests that, if agreement on military re-grouping in Viet-Nam can be reached, it is quite possible that similar arrangements can be concluded in the case of Laos and Cambodia as well. For all these considerations the Western Powers cannot afford to wind up the Geneva Conference at this juncture. If they did so, they would be depicted throughout Asia as bearing the chief responsibility for frustrating hopes of peace; and all chances of the Colombo Powers being willing to join in underwriting a settlement would be forfeited.

Mr. Dulles States Terms

In an important prepared speech at Los Angeles last week-end, Mr. Dulles had evidently two aims—to answer his Congressional critics, and to clarify a Far East policy which has left many of his own countrymen baffled by its contradictory interpretations. Any blame, he said, for failure by the West to achieve its purposes at Geneva must be ascribed to the fact that Britain let the U.S. down: "some of the parties held back". As for American intentions, should Geneva fail, Mr. Dulles declared that, in the

absence of overt military aggression by the Chinese, "armed intervention" by the U.S. in the task of what he called "pacification" in Indo-China, would be undertaken only on five conditions. There must be: (1) an invitation to intervene from the present lawful authorities; (2) clear assurance of complete independence given by France to Laos, Cambodia, and Viet Nam; (3) evidence of "concern" by the U.N.; (4) co-operation by "some of the other nations in the area"; and (5) an assurance that France "would not withdraw from the battle until it is won." There is a disquieting possibility that the U.S. may try to use Siam's convenient appeal to the Security Council as a method of getting the U.N. gradually "concerned" in intervention against Viet Minh "aggression." On the other hand, there is comfort in the unlikelihood of all Mr. Dulles's conditions being fulfilled. Thus his statement at least suggests that the Administration does not want, or mean, to "go it alone."

Two Kinds of Education

Hard on the heels of the Whitsun conferences, which added the decisions of the Co-operative Congress and the Amalgamated Society of Woodworkers to those already ranged against German rearmament, Mr. Attlee set out last Saturday to "educate" the Labour movement on E.D.C., in accordance with the recent decision of the National Executive. The following day (in accordance with an even more recent Executive decision) Mr. Bevan, whose views on "education" no doubt differ from those of Mr. Attlee, made use of his right to express his opposition to German rearmament. Mr. Attlee's argument was based on a demand that his opponents should state their alternative. "My fear is," he said, "that, unless something of this kind is done sooner or later, you may get a rearmed Germany, just as we did after the First World War, when there was an effort to maintain Germany in a position unable to rearm while all the time it secretly went on." To this Mr. Bevan replied with an equally pertinent question. It was argued, said Mr. Bevan, that we could not stop Germany having her own way. . . . His reply was that if we could not control the behaviour of Germany when without an army, what hope had we when she had one? He went on to argue that a divided Germany was the most dangerous Germany of all to rearm: "Given arms, Germany would at once be thinking of using them to unite Germany, and before we knew where we were, a third World War would be upon us."

Falling in with American pressure to rearm Dr. Adenauer's part of Germany is, no doubt, the line of least resistance for British policy; and so Mr. Attlee is on good ground when he asks those who are opposed to it to state their alternative. The short answer is, Delay. The possibility that the Soviet Union may be prepared to bargain on the issue of Germany has never been squarely tested. To refuse, at the behest of the Americans who do not envisage an East-West *détente*, to delay irrevocable decisions on Germany long enough to enable serious bargaining to take place, is to rule out most of the slender chance which might otherwise exist of a negotiated settlement in Europe.

The Countryman's Wage

The agricultural workers, who have just been refused an advance by the statutory Wages Board that deals with their claims, are still the bottom dogs among wage-earners despite the repeated advances that have been awarded them in recent years. The county roadmen are just ahead of them. Yet no one really doubts that agriculture is a skilled trade, or that it has become more so in recent years, largely as a result of the economies in the use of labour-power. The farmers contended that in face of falling margins they could not afford a further wage-advance; and on this occasion the "appointed members" supported them. The trade unions pointed out that labour is still drifting away from the land, and argued that it is high time for agriculture to be recognised as a skilled occupation. In our view the agricultural workers have a strong case. Today, £6 a week is not a living wage; the difference in costs of living as between urban and rural areas has largely disappeared; and the rural population ought no longer to be kept down at the very bottom of the income scale merely because that has been its traditional status. Farm incomes are not today quite what they were yesterday, but they are still high in comparison with pre-war years; and we shall need a lot of convincing that a moderate wage-advance will react adversely on output or ruin even the "marginal" farmers. The trade unions will hardly be prepared to take the Wages Board's decision as the last word.

Setback for Malan

The Nationalists' second parliamentary attempt to remove the Coloured voters of Cape Province from the electoral roll (these voters number about 50,000, or rather more than a tenth of European voters in the Cape) failed this week. Approval of the measure, which would modify the provisions of the Act of Union, calls for a two-thirds majority of both Houses sitting together. Even with the defection to the Government side of half a dozen Opposition members, Dr. Malan failed by nine votes to secure his two-thirds majority, and the measure was not passed. A third attempt to get the Coloured voters off the common roll—and to provide them with a separate roll such as a previous United Party Government provided for African voters of the Cape in 1936—will have to await a larger Nationalist majority in Parliament. To judge by his hectic speech during the debate, Dr. Malan will use the issue of the Coloured vote to the top of his bent during the coming provincial elections.

The reason why the Opposition has opposed the parliamentary silencing of the Coloured vote is that it holds, like Smuts in earlier years, that the Coloured people ought to be what Mr. Strauss this week called "an appendage of the European population"—an ally of the Europeans against the Africans. This might be called the "modified apartheid" view. The next couple of years will show whether the White electorate is prepared to swing back to "modified apartheid" from the more vicious racialism of Dr. Malan and his followers. The omens of the last few years have not been hopeful.

PARIS

Political Arithmetic

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The solution of France's nineteenth post-war government crisis will depend, perhaps to a greater extent than any of its predecessors, on the evolution of a successful mathematical formula. In order to be invested as Prime Minister, a candidate must secure 314 votes from the Assembly. The last Premier, M. Laniel, was a "candidate of exhaustion," who came at the end of a five-week crisis and who was therefore able to secure 398 votes—the entire strength of the Right and Centre parties. But this figure represented a purely hypothetical majority. In the six crucial divisions of M. Laniel's Ministry, the greatest number of votes he was able to secure was 315, last October, on the occasion of the first Indo-China debate. His defeat last Saturday was due to the defection of a mixed group of 106 Radicals and Orthodox Gaullists ("*Urasiens*") and it is clear from the consistent hostility of this group that a new majority cannot be created on the same lines.

What, then, is the alternative? The Deputies are divided into six main groups: 100 C.P. and fellow-travellers, 105 Socialists, 100 R.G.R. (76 Radicals plus 24 U.D.S.R.), 88 M.R.P., 108 ex-followers of General de Gaulle (75 Urasiens plus 33 A.R.S.) and 117 members of the Classical Right (15 Overseas Independents, 53 Independents, 22 Peasants and 27 Independent Peasants). An analysis of these figures reveals three principal formulae for producing the magic figure of 314. The first is a Left-Centre coalition, with the Socialists as its centre of gravity. Theoretically, using social and economic policy as a criterion, this majority could be made up of the following: 100 C.P., 105 Socialists, 88 M.R.P., 46 Left-wing Radicals and U.D.S.R. and 20 Left-wing Urasiens, giving a total of 359. To this might even be added the 22 votes from M. Antier's Peasant group and the 15 Overseas Independents, making a grand total of 396. But in practice no Left-Centre candidate can secure investiture with the aid of the C.P.; on Monday M. Mendès-France stated explicitly that he would regard his investiture as valid only if he secured 314 votes from among the 527 "Nationalist" deputies. And 396 minus 100 Communists equals 296—20 votes short.

In any case, such a majority could only be constituted without reference to foreign policy. The M.R.P. spokesman, M. Lecourt, announced on Saturday that his party would not, in any circumstances, participate in a Government whose foreign policy represented "a re-orientation of that pursued by France in recent years." A similar statement was issued after a joint meeting of about 140 deputies from the A.R.S. and Classical Right. Since over 200 deputies who would participate in a Left-Centre coalition are already committed to an anti-E.D.C. policy and, in many cases, to a policy of rapid evacuation of Indo-China, it is inconceivable that the M.R.P. would agree to form a Government with them even if it regarded social issues as paramount (which it does not.) It is possible that the Left Wing of the M.R.P., particularly the trade union group led by M. Paul Bacon, might be induced to vote for a Left-Centre candidate not endorsed by the Party leaders (52 M.R.P. deputies, for instance, voted for M. Mendès-France last June). But the growing intransigence of the M.R.P., which has been a notable feature of the present crisis, suggests that such votes would be few.

The second possibility is the formation of a coalition without the M.R.P., based on opposition to E.D.C. Such a coalition could muster 100 C.P. votes, at least 50 Socialists, 75 Urasiens, 33 A.R.S.,

about 40 Radicals and U.D.S.R. and 40 from the Classical Right. The formation of a Government based solely on agreement on one particular measure (or even, as in this case, on opposition to one particular measure) is not inconsistent with the traditions of the Fourth Republic. But such a grotesque coalition, stretching from the extreme Left to the extreme Right of the hemicycle, and sagging badly in the middle, is almost unimaginable. As one M.R.P. deputy put it, "it would be like a monster with six heads and no brain." There are, in any case, several specific objections. An anti-E.D.C. coalition, like a Left-Centre one, would raise the question of C.P. participation; and recent by-elections have shown that anti-Communism is a more powerful force than opposition to E.D.C. on the Right. Moreover, recent developments within the Socialist Party indicate that M. Mollet is prepared to give the ratification of E.D.C. a higher priority than social and economic policy, and that he will interpret the somewhat limited disciplinary powers granted him by the Party Congress in the widest possible sense. One well-known Socialist, M. Rosenfeld, has already been suspended for three years for casting an anti-E.D.C. vote on the foreign affairs committee of the French Union Assembly, and the six "rebels" from the Assembly on foreign affairs are due to be disciplined next Wednesday. While the present attitude of most of the anti-E.D.C. Socialist deputies indicates that disciplinary measures will not deter them from voting against the Treaties when they come before the Assembly, it is doubtful if they are prepared to break the long-established Socialist tradition of voting an investiture *en bloc*—except in the unlikely event that one of them (Daniel Mayer or Jules Moch) were to be the candidate. Finally, it should be noted that about 50 anti-E.D.C. Deputies from the A.R.S. and the Classical Right are strongly in favour of a military solution to the Indo-China problem. This would be sufficient, in present circumstances, to prevent the formation of an anti-E.D.C. coalition.

The third solution is a coalition based on a pro-E.D.C. policy. There are three distinct ways in which it could be constructed. The first, based around an M.R.P. leader such as M. Bidault, seems the least likely to succeed. It could muster only the 88 M.R.P., 50 "European" Radicals and, at the most, 100 deputies from the A.R.S.-Classical Right groups, making a total of 238. Theoretically, the Socialists could be asked by their leaders to join such a coalition, but in practice, as M. Lussy announced on Saturday, they are not prepared to join a Government whose centre of gravity is to the Right of the Radicals. A second alternative is the formation of a Right-Centre coalition around a "European" Independent like M. Pinay. M. Pinay could satisfy the M.R.P. by assuming a nominally pro-E.D.C. position and at the same time attract most of the Urasien and A.R.S. votes by promises to consider an "alternative solution." He could similarly secure the votes of even anti-E.D.C. deputies from the Classical Right by outlining a thoroughly conservative economic policy. This would give him almost 300 votes. His investiture would therefore depend on the number of votes he could attract from the Radicals—a party in which he is cordially disliked.

A variation on this solution is the investiture of a conservative, pro-E.D.C. Radical such as M. René Mayer. Finally, an "uncommitted" Radical, such as M. Edgar Faure, could attempt to reconstitute the Laniel Government minus Messrs. Laniel and Pleven. M. Faure has great support in his own party, even among the "Mendésiens," and he could attract at least 180 votes from the M.R.P. and the Classical Right. Moreover, even the most intransigeant Urasiens could be expected to vote for him provided that a centre Gaullist (General Koenig, for example) were given the Ministry of Defence. With the help of an adroit investiture speech he might thus secure as many as 350 votes. It is true, of course, that M. Faure's popularity among the clerical parties dropped sharply over the week-end; for, if he and M. Martinaud-Déplat had not insisted on resigning last Saturday, the Laniel Government would still be in office. Nevertheless, on the face of it, he has the best chance of solving the French political equation.

French politics, admittedly, are not governed purely by arithmetical principles. Speeches can win votes. Strong currents of popular feeling, as M. Mendès-France's investiture debate showed last year, can move the Assembly, and this is even more true today than it was in June, 1953. But, at the same time, it should not be assumed that the investiture of a Radical candidate would ensure correspondingly radical changes in France's internal and external policies. Majorities in the Assembly vary, but their basic reflex is still to respond to the defence of the *status quo*. The governing factors of French political life are still the dependence on dollar aid, the maintenance of economic feudalism and support—sometimes quixotic, more often hard-headed—of the French Union. No amount of wishful thinking—not even the popular longing for peace in Indo-China—can obscure these harsh realities.

The Lesson of Crichel Down

It suits the political prejudices of most of the Conservative newspapers, and of the anarchists (romantic and less romantic) on the Tory back-benches in Parliament, to turn the Crichel Down case into a generalised attack on the whole concept of Government planning. With such crude and misleading nonsense we have no sympathy. Nor do we associate ourselves with the personal vendetta being waged by a group of Tory M.P.s against the luckless Sir Thomas Dugdale. Yet we are glad that Sir Andrew Clark's inquiry was held and we condemn the churlish hostility towards it, displayed in the Commons last Tuesday by Mr. Tom Williams, Sir Thomas Dugdale's Labour predecessor. We believe that a public inquiry was amply justified in the public interest for two reasons: first, because it has disposed absolutely and unequivocally of the suggestion that corruption had entered into the disposal of Crichel Down; secondly, because it has brought into the public eye a series of improprieties and abuses by public officials, only a little less grave because they were free of corruption.

The Labour Party, which proclaims to the public its belief in planning, cannot afford to ignore or hush up the lessons of this unhappy affair. If there is to be a chance of establishing a Socialist society in Britain, without the compulsions which have made Soviet Communism objectionable to liberal thought in the West, that society must be based on the willing acceptance of national planning by the general public. Such acceptance was never fully secured by the Labour Governments of 1945 and 1950. Unscrupulous and often downright untrue propaganda against those Governments succeeded in seducing the allegiance even of a great many people who had been hugely benefited by them, principally because the general public never felt convinced that the bureaucrats were on its side. It was the malfunctioning of a bureaucracy never designed or recruited for modern methods of planning which gave the enemies of Socialism their sharpest weapon.

That some people in the Labour Party are vaguely aware of this is suggested by the proposal in *Challenge to Britain* to "overhaul the planning machinery within the Civil Service, to reorganise and strengthen it and to see that enough specialists . . . are attracted to the task." The Crichel Down case strongly re-emphasises the need for this. On what lines, then, must one seek for an acceptable and effective method of planning, which would enable the Government of the day to direct the nation's economy both in general and, at certain vital sectors, in detail? The lessons both of Crichel Down and of the successes and failures of post-war economic Ministers are not that planning powers have been generally excessive. A simple bonfire of controls is no solution to the problem. Planning in action has, however, tended to be too secret, too inflexible, too arbitrary and too remote. If the citizen is to accept it (and he cannot in the nature of things always be expected to like it), the planners must be both accessible to him and answerable to him. He must know *where* a decision is taken, if he is to have a chance of finding out *why*. He must have confidence that, if he dislikes a decision he can make his protest where it will be effective; that his representations will be heard and weighed; and that if they are turned down, he can call in aid his fellow-citizens to help him redress his grievance. In other words, the detailed execution of planning must be as far as possible carried out locally, and locally elected representatives must be directly answerable for it. The organisation of the Hospital Service—in many ways the most imaginative piece of post-war administration—goes a step in the right direction. Regional Hospital Boards are at least accessible. Their weakness is that they are not effectively answerable; and, even were their membership more representative than it is, it would be almost impossible to make them so with local government in its present form.

For, just as the Civil Service has never been reorganised to fit it for its new purposes, so the areas of local government bear little relation to the "catchment areas" within which modern public services can most efficiently collect their consumers. Local government, therefore, suffers by becoming answerable to its electors for less and less; while public services and national planning tend to become more remote and less beneficent, because they cannot combine answerability with efficiency. If the Labour proposal to reorganise the instruments of planning is to mean anything, it must lead not only to an overhaul of the Civil Service; not only to a close and critical scrutiny (which ought to be undertaken now) of the dividing line between the central planning of a national programme and its decentralised execution. It must include also a radical re-examination of both the functions and the areas of local government.

The Case of Dr. Cort

By the "free world" we mean the countries where individual liberty is safeguarded. The case against Communism which carries weight is not that Russia has adopted a new economic system, about which men may legitimately differ, but that Soviet citizens may be arrested, imprisoned or executed without "due process of law"; that speech and publication are not free; and that men may be purged for their opinions, even though they have committed no overt wrong. If there is increasing alarm throughout the rest of the "free world" about the trend of United States politics today, it is because this distinction between America and Iron Curtain countries grows every day less clearly defined. In the past few years laws have been passed and administrative action taken which have made a farce of the Bill of Rights, while many American citizens who have not offended against the law have suffered worse than legal punishment from the smear which, in the present state of American opinion, often deprives a man of the opportunity to earn his livelihood and condemns him to a continuous persecution.

One result is that there are today in Europe some hundreds of Americans who prefer voluntary exile. Many of these, who may properly be called political refugees, are now without passports. These have either been seized by the American authorities or not renewed after expiry. To this we must add that American Law today in some cases gives the Government the terrible power of withdrawing the responsibilities and protection of citizenship—the medieval penalty of outlawry long abandoned here, and in modern times assumed, we believe, only by Communist and Fascist Governments. It is apparently the risk of finding itself with stateless persons on its hands that has made the Home Office so willing to yield to Washington in the case of Dr. Cort.

The facts of this affair, as told by Dr. Cort, are interesting. He admits that for two years, while a medical student at Yale, he was a member of the American Communist Party. In May, 1951, on qualifying at Yale, and after duly registering for military service, he came to England to take up a two-year Fellowship which had been awarded to him at Cambridge. In November of the same year —only three months after starting work in England—he was ordered to give up his passport to the American Embassy, and to return at once to the United States. He states that after taking legal advice he did not comply with this demand, and, though his passport expired in June, 1952, he was granted a renewal of his permit to stay in England by the Home Office, which was fully apprised of his status. The investigation of the Un-American Activities Committee into United States Universities, which began in the autumn of 1952, convinced him that he would not be able to continue as a scientist in the United States. When the first reports of these investigations, in which his name was mentioned, appeared in the newspapers, he states that approaches, made to him from Harvard, New York University and Cornell about his availability for assistant professorships, were terminated. Old college associates were asked whether he had been a member of a "secret Communist cell" at Yale, and those who refused to testify against him were, with one exception, dismissed from university posts. The exception was a Harvard man, who was honourably protected by his great University. Whereupon the Massachussets authorities indicted him for violating his oath of allegiance to the University and the State, because he did not co-operate with the Un-American Activities Committee. In December, 1952, Dr. Cort was appointed to a regular lectureship in Physiology at the University of Birmingham. In March, 1953, he was ordered to appear for examination and induction into the United States Army, and was again legally advised that he was not obliged to report for service until he returned to the jurisdiction of the American Government. He continued, again with Home Office permission, to carry out his academic duties in Birmingham.

In December, 1953, he was summoned by the Birmingham police to listen to a message from the United States Embassy, which declared that he had violated American law, left the United States without permission, refused to obey legally binding call-up orders, and left the U.S. "for the purpose of evading National Service." To these charges Dr. Cort replies that he left the United States with a legally valid passport, that he had correctly registered with his Draft Board in Connecticut and been informed by the competent university and military authorities in Yale that he was free to leave and take up the work offered him at Cambridge. The important charge, however, is the last, apparently untrue, statement that he left the United States to evade National Service. Under the McCarran Act, as the message from the United States Embassy reminded him, he could, on this charge, or on the charge of remaining abroad to evade National Service, be deprived of his American citizenship. The charges, if sustained, would also make him liable to a prison sentence of up to ten years. He was then informed by the Home Office that under this threat of removal of citizenship, his permit to stay would not be renewed, and he must leave this country by the end of June, 1954.

Amongst those who approached the Home Secretary on Dr. Cort's behalf was Professor A. V. Hill, F.R.S., whose letter began with a modest reminder of his own fine record as one of those who has upheld the international status of science and who did much to obtain refuge in this country for intellectuals and scientists who were persecuted by the Nazis. Professor Hill authorises us to quote his letter of April 5 in full.

> You may remember that I was once in the House of Commons (1940-45) representing Cambridge University, possibly even that I used to be active, with Victor Cazelet, Eleanor Rathbone and others, about refugees. Indeed, I was in rather close touch with the Home Office in 1940-41 in the matter of getting useful and honest refugees out of gaol.
>
> I thought this was all over; but recently an American, Dr. J. H. Cort, came to me at the suggestion of H. P. Gilding, Professor of Physiology at Birmingham. I had never heard of Cort before, but I have known Gilding well for many years. It appears that, while he was a medical student at Yale, Cort got infected with Communism—chiefly because, as he explained to me, he was in favour of a National Health Service! He has now got over that particular children's disease, he is a respectable member of the staff of Gilding's laboratory, and he wants nothing more than to remain there peacefully

The Siamese Twins

working at Physiotherapy. But because of the present panic in the United States the demand is now made that he should return there: the consequence of his returning there would, he expects, be persecution of the kind indicated in his statement (enclosed). The Home Office has recently written him a letter suggesting that permission to remain in this country may be withdrawn. The purpose of the present letter is to request that this be reconsidered.

The consequence of withdrawing his permission to remain here would be threefold: (1) This country would lose a good physiologist, and physiologists are not so easy to get; (2) serious hardship might be caused to Cort himself and his wife; and (3) our tradition of hospitality to refugees would be disregarded and an opportunity given to those anti-American elements who are always anxious to cause trouble between our countries. It happens that I know America extremely well, and was there for five weeks in December-January last. I am quite sure that my American friends, and indeed all liberal American opinion, would in such a case hope—and indeed expect—that this country would take the generous course.

This admirable letter received a dusty answer from the Home Office. Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, M.P., next took up the cudgels for Dr. Cort. The Home Office, which had already committed itself to the strange doctrine that political asylum only applied to those *whose lives were in peril*, now added, in a letter to Mr. Benn, the dangerous proposition that "the whole basis of the system of control of aliens in this country is returnability, and, *except in the case of refugees whose homes are behind the Iron Curtain*, the Home Secretary is not prepared to allow foreigners to settle here if there is any danger of their not being able to terminate their stay should it become necessary to do so."

It is, of course, true that there is no legal "right of asylum," only a great and honoured tradition by which the Home Secretary, at his discretion, grants permission of residence to political refugees. We cannot believe that Sir David really wishes so far to restrict his own discretionary power. The condition he lays down would have ruled out a high proportion of refugee scholars who came here before the war; it would now exclude many voluntary refugees from Iron Curtain countries, where they could have continued to live without any danger to life, had they not voluntarily crossed to this side. The Home Secretary would seem also to be debarring himself from giving refuge to honest political refugees from, for instance, South Africa, Spain, Yugoslavia or the Argentine. These limitations cannot be sustained, and we doubt if Sir Maxwell Fyfe has adequately considered them. The reason for these unlucky phrases is, clearly enough, the panic into which the McCarran Act has thrown the Home Office, which is willing to grant asylum to persons deprived of their nationality from countries behind the Iron Curtain, because it assumes that they will be anti-Communist, while it is needlessly scared that England may be flooded by stateless Communists from other parts of the "free world."

Sir David should think again. There will be Tories, as well as Labour and Liberal men, who will agree in rejecting this casual restriction, to the narrowest limits, of one of the most cherished of British traditions; and if Sir David takes time to consider he will realise that by throwing Dr. Cort out of this country he will not only, as Professor Hill points out, deprive England of a good scientist and good citizen, but also subject him to grave penalties for an offence which is political in fact, though not in name. Sir David would do well to listen to the excellent advice of Professor Hill, who speaks with intimate knowledge of that great minority of American liberals whose hope for their country's freedom lies largely in the support of a Britain that can still claim to be free.

Britain's Backward Area

FROM Portaskaig, in Islay, one looks eastward across a tide-vexed Sound to the green slopes of Jura—lovely in desolation. On ten miles of visible shore the only habitations are a cottage with a scarlet telephone-box from which the Islay ferryman can be summoned, and a small shooting-lodge owned (and occasionally occupied) by a rich, remote industrialist. The eye travels to where the ground rises slowly from the beach to Beinn a' Chaolais and Beinn an Oir: not a sheep—still less a cow—is to be seen; the deer have the Paps of Jura and all the island's western seaboard for their own. Gazing at this exquisite, landlord-made dereliction, I sat on a little heathery hill above Caol Ila distillery, with a copy of the Crofting Report* in my pocket, and pondered the comments I had gathered in the past few days on the proposals for the Highlands and Islands submitted by Principal Taylor and his ten (nine consenting, one rebellious) colleagues. Above my head, in hope of sandwiches, a herring-gull circled with hungry cries.

On one point the Commission was unanimous: if nothing more is done for the seven crofting counties—and in particular for the distant seaboards and islands of the West and North—the process of decay, whose causes and effects I described last autumn in these columns (BAGPIPE MUSIC, September 19 and 26, 1953), will continue and accelerate.

> In some parts there is to be found a congested population pressing upon natural resources which are quite inadequate to sustain it. In others, the fall in population reduces the community to a level at which it ceases to be viable. . . . The crofting system . . . as now organised is fighting a losing battle against the social and economic forces . . .

Such is the latest verdict on Britain's Backward Area. There are exceptions—the prosperous small farmers on the mainland of Orkney, the still vigorous life in (economically crowded) Lewis, the gains of population by such modest towns as Oban, Fort William and Inverness. But, by and large, depopulation has continued steadily for over a century: there are now less than 290,000 people (with an ominously high proportion of old-age pensioners) in a region which comprises one-sixth of the whole land area of Great Britain. With tillage declining, fewer and fewer cattle, and the whole annual output of 21,000 crofts now put at under £8m. in value, the Commission was agreed that "if the process of decay is to be arrested and reversed, it will require a serious political decision."

Not that the Highlanders can complain of extreme niggardliness on the part of a Sassenach Treasury. In livestock and land-improvement subsidies, the crofters are estimated to be drawing about £600,000 a year; there are generous grants for rebuilding and the installation of water supply; fishing boats can be acquired, with State aid, on very easy terms; and, apart from the wages currently disbursed by the Forestry Commission and the Hydro-Electric Board, unemployment insurance, in many districts, is administered as a concealed subsidy to crofting incomes. Yet all this has not sufficed to check the exodus, still less to bring about "the secure establishment of a small-holding population making full use of agricultural resources," which the Commission, in its remit, was enjoined to make its objective. Why not? Psychological factors—laziness, mistrust, heritage of old defeats—apart, the Report makes one thing clear: the typical croft-holding of under 50 poor acres has become an anachronism.

Given by the Crofting Acts security of tenure but little incentive towards betterment and no obligation even to reside on his holding, the crofter as a rule is bitterly short of working capital; he cannot look to the landlord for aid in improvements or stocking; and initiative—rare enough—is all too often frustrated by old communal grazing rules which block rational co-operation. Add lack of knowledge of scientific management of grass-land, acute shortage of mechanical aids, inaccessibility to markets and crippling transport charges on everything bought or sold—the harsh fact must be faced that the crofting "township," as now organised, is no longer a rational economic entity.

What should be done? Principal Taylor and the majority of his colleagues—Mrs. Margaret Macpherson of Skye dissenting—have a very cautious conception of the "serious political decision" on whose need they began by insisting. Their main proposal is that the Secretary of State should establish a Crofters Commission "endowed with adequate financial and executive powers." The Commission should be authorised to end the land-tenancy of a non-resident crofter (who should receive from the landlord a feu charter of his house in lieu of normal compensation at out-go); aged tenants should be encouraged on similar lines to renounce their land; all lettings by landlords of vacant crofts should be controlled by the Commission; and the Commission, with the agreement of a majority of the crofters, should be empowered to "reorganise" decayed "townships," as well as promoting new land settlement and exercising the right to make loans for "in-go" and working capital. To all of which Mrs. Macpherson remarks tersely: "I do not believe that public control with private ownership [of land] will work."

With the empty slopes of Jura before me, and the memory of so many other cleared estates in my mind's eye, I share Mrs. Macpherson's doubts. It may be that a compact and resolute Crofters Commission on the lines proposed would do something to patch up crofting conditions. Every "township" has different problems, and there is much to be said for the empirical approach. There is force in the argument of the Majority Report that "raising fundamental questions of political doctrine" about land ownership might have meant a deep pigeon-hole in St. Andrew's House for all the recommendations; and it is arguable, too, that when some good may be achieved by suasion and gentle pressure, it would be extravagant for the State to buy up the whole of the crofting counties. (There is many a *fainéant* landlord, as several crofters pointed out to me, who would jump at a tax-free lump of compensation—"and sell the kilts off his keepers' arses if he could!") Yet even if a Crofters Commission were not over-weighted by landowning interests, as happens with Planning Committees in the North-west, I do not see how its aims could be reconciled with those of "sporting" landlords to whom a crofter is an unmitigated nuisance.

If there be disappointment, however, in the Highlands at the extent to which the Report compromises with vested rights and interests, the real criticism of the results of this Inquiry rests, I think, on wider grounds. This is not the Commissioners' fault. They were charged in their remit with the specific problem of the crofting tenants, and they have done their best within their strict terms of reference and the limits of their conception of the politically practicable. Yet if one thing is certain, it is that the system of Highland smallholdings can be made viable only

* Report of the Commission of Inquiry into Crofting Conditions. Cmd. 9091. Edinburgh, H.M.S.O. 3*s.* 6*d.*

within the general framework of Highland development. To reorganise "townships," as the Crofters Commission might do, on the basis of improved grazings and slightly enlarged crofts, is no real solution; nor is it enough merely to hope for increased afforestation, more tourism and the establishment (by private enterprise) of a little light industry. Except as a result of a much more "serious" political decision than the Report envisages, these things will not happen. They will not happen unless a Government, uninhibited by respect for the rights of property and tenancy, establishes a Highland Development Authority whose writ shall extend as far as the provision of ample, cheap transport; more tourist hotels and hostels, with ancillary intensive farming and horticulture; small-scale industry linked to hydro-electricity; cattle ranching, as well as extensive sheep-runs, based on bold (and very costly) schemes of land-reclamation, feasible in many districts. Such a policy is no more than indirectly related to the present plight of the crofters; but it is only within the ambit of such concerted plans—effected perhaps in part on co-operative lines, but involving much direct State initiative—that the particular problems of the smallholder appear to me to be manageable.

Highland redevelopment—the planned expenditure of many, many millions, and the fairly ruthless disregard of encrusted traditions and ways of living—will it be undertaken? And, if it were, would it evoke—and otherwise it would be futile—new "colonisers" from the urban South? The Report in my pocket reminded me that, since 1940, only 22 new holdings in the crofting counties have been created, though ample powers for the purpose exist. Except under compulsion by atom-bombing, is any dispersal of "conurbations" to this lovely, lonely remoteness probable? And, if not, how justify to the British tax-payer a fresh burden of subsidies and capital investment in a backward area with no real economic future? The herring-gull, despairing of sandwiches, drifted away over the Sound. Its cries, to my ear, had a derisory note.

AYLMER VALLANCE

London Diary

IN a fortnight more rain fell on southern England than in any thirty days of June since 1903. And the Weather-Men have been flummoxed. They were wildly wrong about Whitsun weather and foxed by what followed. The weather just wasn't obeying the rules. Instead of the rain-clouds moving in from the sea, they behaved like a cistern filling and emptying on top of us, with no currents up aloft to shift them. This eccentricity (or should it be "concentricity"?) made a sardonic comment upon an article by the chief Weather-Man, Dr. O. G. Sutton, in the current issue of *Nature*. It was entitled "The Development of Meteorology as an Exact Science." In fairness, he did not claim that weather forecasting is, as yet, anything like an "exact science"; indeed, one of his passages is very frank. "In routine forecasting the weather prognosis is built round the time-extrapolation of existing pressure fields, a process which is highly subjective. In deciding how air-masses will rearrange themselves in the course of the next 24 hours, the forecaster may be guided by the properties of a model, such as the Bjerknes depression, by consideration of the topography of the pressure-surfaces or *by a set of private empirical rules which constitute his 'experience.'*" Which is just Mr. Park's method of weather forecasting. And I like Dr. Sutton's conclusion: "The fact that a weather forecast is essentially a statement of chances is not fully appreciated by the non-meteorologists." That, I should have thought, was the one thing which we "non-meteorologists" had learnt to appreciate.

* * *

Dignus imperii quia imperium abnegavit—it might well be said of Lord Camrose that nothing became him so well as his renunciation of empire. Unlike his elder brother, the coal-steel magnate who became Lord Buckland, William Ewert Berry was a professional journalist all his life. At 22, he began newspaper ownership in partnership with his younger brother Gomer (now Lord Kemsley); the first venture was the *Advertising World*, launched in 1901. From 1915, when they bought the *Sunday Times*, until 1927, when they acquired the *Daily Telegraph* from the Lawson family, the "Berry Brothers" waged against the Harmsworth interests a ruthless fight for popular press hegemony—at the cost of hugely inflating the capitalisation of the vast group of properties which they bought up. Then, in 1937, Lord Camrose retired from the mass-circulation battle. Parting company with his brother and "Allied Newspapers," he concentrated on making the *Daily Telegraph* a rival to *The Times*—particularly by the appeal of its compressed, but comprehensive, coverage of "straight" news. As Editor-in-Chief, his achievement, in the "respectable" *Telegraph's* new lease of success, was considerable; and he died the most widely respected "Baron" in Fleet Street. In the true tradition of Rockefeller and Carnegie, he acquired grey hairs and virtue simultaneously.

* * *

Readers of this journal, who are also students of the Beaverbrook press, will enjoy the letters printed in our Correspondence columns this week from the editors of the *Daily Express* and *Evening Standard*. Their technique is at least as old as the adage about attacking plaintiff's attorney, and it is used, in this case, just as Senator McCarthy and the Communists use it in controversy. When caught out, the rule is to make some new, staggering statement (such as that it is the *N.S. & N.*, not the *Daily Express*, which carries out a campaign of calumny!), trump up a couple of counter-charges, and so divert the reader from the substance of the argument. Thus Mr. Christiansen challenges this journal to support a statement which I did not make about 206 references to the British Council published during the last four years in the *Daily Express*. What I did say was that the British Council had merely chosen "14 glaring and demonstrable inaccuracies out of 206, usually venomous, references." Mr. Christiansen would not, I take it, want to deny the "venom" of the *Express* against the British Council?

The editor of the *Evening Standard* (vulgar abuse aside) makes the point that his paper replied on June 4 to four of the fourteen allegations made against the Beaverbrook press by the staff of the British Council (the other ten complaints were made against the *Daily Express*). I have now read the article in the *Evening Standard* to which he refers: if I had seen it before I should gladly have done it justice. As to the four replies, the first did not deny error: no apology or correction was printed. The second admits that the *Evening Standard* did attack the prodigality of the Council in sponsoring an Old Vic tour which in the event proved a financial success. In the third and fourth cases the *Standard* admits its error, but points out that it printed corrections from the Council. It is not easy to see why this record is an answer to the British Council's pamphlet, though I would certainly have quoted its plea in extenuation had I seen it

Oddly enough by the same post I received from a Fleet Street journalist a charming little example of *Evening Standard* methods. In the *Londoner's Diary* of June 9 a paragraph appeared about £30 a week jobs being offered to typists. It asks, "who offers these attractive terms? The United Nations. What private enterprise could afford to pay secretaries nearly £30 a week?" My correspondent adds, "the news item fails to mention that the jobs advertised are in New York, where £30 a week is not an exceptionally high salary and where private enterprise often does pay it to bilingual shorthand-typists." A little thing like mentioning that these attractive terms are offered in the United States and not in Britain would, I suppose, have spoiled the paragraph.

* * *

I have ascertained that the distinguished sinologue who complained the other day that *The Times* and other newspapers called Vietnamese leaders by their Christian names, was misguided, though technically right. It is true that, in China, there are perhaps two million people surnamed Li, and even more named Chang, and that the only correct way of avoiding many confusions both in China and Indo-China is to write out all surnames and the Christian names in full. But the Vietnamese leaders have, I learn, been courteously consulted about this matter by British correspondents in Geneva, and they themselves have agreed that they should be called Mr. Dinh, Mr. Dong, and so forth.

* * *

It is fifty years ago this week since the June day when Leopold Bloom, on his way to Paddy Dignam's funeral, sighted Stephen Daedalus in a Dublin street. Perhaps to mark the occasion, John Lane have just produced a sixpenny pamphlet with the text of the famous decision by Judge Woolsey in 1933 which lifted the ban on *Ulysses* in the States. Certainly it appears at a moment when the British public is being stirred into one of its "periodical fits of morality," and Judge Woolsey's sensible words on the need to judge the effect of an allegedly obscene book as a whole, and not on the basis of certain selected passages, should be required reading for all these moral watchdogs now baying in the press and the Home Office. I much enjoy, too, some of the Judge's incidental remarks: as that "the study of *Ulysses* is a heavy task," or "in respect of the recurrent emergence of the theme of sex in the minds of his characters, it must always be remembered that his locale was Celtic and his season Spring."

* * *

While I was away a colleague of mine had an odd day. If he were not a truthful man I would scarcely believe him. His story reads like the opening of a novel called *The Case of the Three Curious Questions*. Leaving this office, he was stopped by a woman who, presumably, was taking an opinion poll. She pointed to a large hoarding and asked him to estimate its size. "Do you want me to guess or to work it out?" he asked. She said she didn't mind. But, as she disapproved of every statement he made, he left her to her dissatisfaction, and fled into Holborn. There he was immediately accosted by a tall American, gaberdine-suited, dacron-shirted, rimless glasses, Stetson hat. "Pardon me," he said, "but which way is doo West?" After a little discussion, they settled this point. "Then that's West-South-West," the American said, pointing over the roof of the Pearl offices. "You may think I'm crazy," he added by way of explanation, "but I promised my little girl that, while

I was away, I'd face towards Dallas just as she was starting for school and think about her." My friend turned into Kingsway, meditating about Mecca and the correct orientation of prayer-mats. His reverie was interrupted outside the Holborn Empire by a man in shirtsleeves, who dashed up to him from a side alley. Seizing my friend's lapel, the man gasped: "Have you seen my monkey?" CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The Duke, in a green estate wagon, braked sharply to avoid knocking down a woman. She drew back hastily. And then, as she recognised the driver, her motion of retreat merged swiftly into a sweeping curtsey.—*Sunday Express.* (M. Davies.)

Said Mrs. Laurie: "Life is getting very expensive in Germany—and the Germans are getting difficult. We are not allowed to take our own hounds, we have to use their beagle packs."—*Evening Standard.* (P. Nicholas.)

A miner was fined £2 in Sheffield, today, for exceeding the speed limit in a Rolls-Royce.—*Sheffield Star.* (D. Cockayne.)

£10 reward is offered by Trent Motor Traction Co. for information leading to the conviction of the person who stole a Trent omnibus on Saturday, May 29.—Advt. in *Nottingham Evening News.* (M. Caplan.)

CITY BROADSHEET

He was rich but he was honest,
Victim of the Guildhall's whim;
Blackballed by the City Fathers—
Why have they a down on him?

What is wrong with Percy Lovely,
Seven times a Liveryman,
Former Sheriff of the City,
Twenty years a publican.

By the Ward of Cheap elected,
Worthy of the voters' love?
Lovely is debarred. My goodness!
What are they a-thinking of?

Lovely's on the Common Council,
Lovely is A1, at Lloyd's,
But the vote of his supporters
London's Corporation voids.

See him in his splendid mansion,
See him driving in his car!
Why should Mr. Lovely suffer
From the Guildhall civic bar?

London's Court in secret session,
Puffed with aldermanic pride
Snubs his lawful aspirations—
Cheap denounces Guildhall side.

City Councillors are common,
So are aldermen, self-made;
No less common is the Beerage
Than the licensed victuallers' trade.

Proud Lord Mayor and Corporation
Mr. Lovely won't forgive—
He has chosen Hartley Shawcross
Legal representative.

Barred from aldermanic duties
With no blot upon his name,
Percy Lovely's been rejected—
Isn't it a bleeding shame?

SAGITTARIUS

Progress and the Arab Farmer

UNTIL 1918 the Arab States of Syria, Iraq, the Lebanon and Jordan were under the rule of the Turks, a rule which paid small attention to the economic development of this vast area, so rich in natural resources, but so poor in exploited wealth. Today, in spite of, and to some extent because of, being independent States, these countries are still poor, even though the world's need for what they have to offer is greater than ever it has been. Looking at them collectively, they should indeed be rich. Between them they have ports; they have the experience and tradition of commerce; they have oil; and above all they have fertile, or potentially fertile, acres, in almost limitless quantities. Furthermore, although for the most part rainfall is low and badly spaced, there are abundant supplies of water to be had either, as in the Jezira in the North-east of Syria, from wells, or, as in the valleys of the Euphrates, Tigris and Orontes, from the rivers themselves. But in spite of this, agricultural production is lamentably low. Even when the crops are grown, yields are but a fraction of what they could be were reasonable standards of husbandry common. The reasons for this under-cultivation are many.

Lack of security is one. In the past, this has prevented much of the richest land from being developed, since a war or tribal raid might rob the developer of the fruits of his work. Today, most of that insecurity has gone, but there still remains the insecurity of markets and the insecurity of tenure, which gives no incentive to the cultivator to improve the productivity of his soil. This is a direct result of the system of land ownership. Lack of education is another, and, above all, lack of capital, caused both by national poverty in the past, by political instability discouraging foreign investment, and by the fact that the Middle East is, as has been said, "an agricultural country with an urban economy." This has meant failure on the part of the cultivator to make use of machinery, good seeds, fertilisers and sprays, and of the owner to invest in irrigation pumps and canals. It has also prevented large-scale schemes of water conservation, and the provision of roads, without which the movement of crops from many areas becomes, if not impossible, at least extremely expensive. Thus today the transport of grain from the Jezira to the coast, a distance of 300 miles, costs 50 per cent. of the price the farmer receives for his grain on the farm—due largely to the fact that lorries have to plough through muddy or sandy tracks for much of the journey.

The system of land ownership is immensely complex. In mountain areas of the Lebanon, and along the coast, the peasant proprietor is often found; but over the greater part of the Middle East land is owned by absentee proprietors, and cultivated by families who receive, in place of wages, a share of the crop. The owner (or family of owners) may deal direct with the workers, or through an agent; he may be dependent entirely upon his land for his income, or he may have employment or business in the town. But whatever he is, his main object is to get as large an income as he can from as small an expenditure as possible. Unlike the landowner in countries where labour is dear, he has no incentive to achieve a high output per man employed—the wage of the worker is a direct proportion of the yield. Nor does his land cost him anything as it would had he rent or land tax to pay, so he has no incentive to produce the maximum per acre. Even an increase in gross yield means less to him than to farmers in Western Europe, for a proportion of this yield will go to the worker, and another proportion to the State, whereas in countries where the cost of the land, and the labour, is a fixed outgoing, any increase in yield goes entirely to the farmer. The landowner therefore has small financial incentive to invest in machinery which will do little but ease the task of the worker, or to buy fertiliser, or achieve higher yields by spraying. An extensive agriculture suits him best, and so long as this is so the Middle East will continue to produce only a tenth part of what it could—and the standard of living of the actual cultivator will remain a source of social reproach and political danger. Fortunately, both State plans and individual action are attempting to alter this.

In the Lebanon, for instance, the main efforts of Government lie in irrigation, education, and the provision of improved stocks of fruit trees, pedigree livestock, and cheap credit. (Throughout the Middle East rates of interest to cultivators vary from 8 per cent. for those with land to offer as security, up to 400 per cent. for the landless peasant who is forced to borrow after a bad harvest simply to provide food for his family.) Several large irrigation schemes are planned, and some have already been completed. The Government has borne the entire cost, but charges the landowner for the water he uses. Four agricultural schools have been set up, one for higher agricultural education and the other three for training farm foremen and the sons of small farmers. There is also in Beirut the American University with its Agricultural Faculty which attracts students from all over the Middle East. In addition, there are some score of farm institutes which supply advice to neighbouring farmers as well as raising and distributing improved stock. An agricultural credit bank is now in existence, which in time may play an important part.

Jordan, the poorest of the four countries, has done least for its agriculture. Schemes of terracing and afforestation have been put in hand on some of the steep hillsides, and it is officially hoped that the Yarmuk Valley Scheme will become a reality. A system of land taxation which will undoubtedly encourage owners to make better use of their land is being introduced; but all plans are overshadowed by the proximity of Israel and the burden of the 500,000 refugees.

A most imaginative private venture, under the vigorous leadership of Musa Alami, has shown what can be done to help these refugees. In the Jordan valley, a few miles from Jericho, wells have been sunk and 2,000 acres of formerly barren land are now producing over a ton of corn to the acre, providing work for 170 families, and training 75 young refugees, who, after their training, will be offered small-holdings on generous terms. It is estimated that there are well over 60,000 acres of such land that could be brought into cultivation, on which 10,000 families could be settled.

In Iraq today, although nominally most of the land is State-owned, at least 80 per cent. is held by private individuals on permanent lease from the State, no rent being payable. The work is done by share-cropping labour, under the direction of the owner's agent who himself, usually, is paid by a share of the crop also. The share received by the worker is fixed by tradition and varies locally, but may fall as low as 35 per cent. of the crop. When payment is in cash the daily rate is between 2*s.* and 3*s.*, and the worker is fortunate if he can find employment for 100 days in the year. The Government now proposes to limit the size of estates held by any single person to about 2,500 acres; to ensure that the worker receives at least 50 per cent. of the crop; to tax land on its poten-

tial productivity; and to introduce a property tax, a graduated income tax, and a tax on undeveloped urban land values. Furthermore it is devoting a large part of its income from oil royalties to irrigation schemes and schemes of land settlement on State lands. In this way it is hoped that two objects will be achieved. In the first place, landless share-croppers and day labourers will become land-owning peasants with a direct interest in increasing both production and fertility; secondly, the provision of this alternative and more attractive form of livelihood will cause a shortage of workers, and thus force the landowner both to mechanise and to offer better conditions of employment if he is to have his land cultivated.

In Syria, too, the Shishakli régime tried, but with little success, to settle share-croppers on State land. That success is possible, however, in the right conditions and with the right approach to the worker, is demonstrated by a successful experiment in the Jezira, on land lying on the Turkish border, to the east of the Euphrates. A partnership was formed several years ago between a family of Syrian Christians, wealthy merchants and farmers, on the one side, and the descendants of a powerful Kurd clan, Muslims, owning some 1½ million acres of the richest land in the Middle East, but without the capital or ability to make use of it. Wells were sunk, irrigation canals dug, crawler tractors and combine-harvesters bought, and every year a fresh block was brought under the plough. Then it was decided to follow the agricultural experiment with a social experiment. The best of the share-croppers were selected and to them the following offer was made. Each one of them would be provided with 10,000 acres and crawler tractors and combine-harvesters and machinery to the extent of £10,000's worth: they would be given seeds and fuel, the machinery would be kept in repair for them, and they would receive £20 a month for living expenses, and wages for such labour as they needed. At the end of the year the joint owners of the land would receive 10 per cent. of the crop for the use of the land itself, and a further 44 per cent. of the remainder for the seeds and machinery. Out of his 56 per cent. the share-cropper would pay back the money advanced for labour, living expenses and repairs, plus 20 per cent. of the capital value of the machinery. All that was left over was his, though if this was a large sum (as it might well be with a good harvest and high world prices), some of it would be retained in case of a poor harvest. After five years the machinery would become the property of the share-cropper, and he would have accumulated enough capital to finance his own operations. He could then continue as an independent tenant, paying merely 10 per cent. of the crop to the landlord as rent.

At first only two families could be found willing to embark on such a venture. But now, after four years, there are 36 of them, and new recruits are being found from among the employees of the pioneers. The scheme is being extended to the lorry drivers who carry the grain from the Jezira to Aleppo and the coast, and a new town is being built, with school, hospital, children's playground, recreation centre, landing-ground, shopping centre, church, and well-planned brick bungalows in place of the previous mud huts.

Schemes such as this will not only add enormously to the total wealth of the Middle East (and the food supplies of the world); they will ensure that the wealth is more evenly distributed than in the past, give hope to many who before have been without hope; and have a stabilising influence on the politics of countries which at the moment are dangerously unstable.

H. D. WALSTON

Bedlam, 1954

THE processes of British mental health services are "in many cases more analogous to those for persons taken into custody than for persons being received for treatment." So says the memorandum presented by the Ministry of Health and the Board of Control to the Royal Commission on Mental Illness and Mental Deficiency now in session. While mental treatment has progressed and the public attitude has become more enlightened, the laws are insensitive, untherapeutic and archaic.

We have a magistrate protesting that he has to send a man to gaol because he cannot refer him to a mental hospital. We have allegations, before the Commission, that old folk are certified and sent to mental hospitals because they cannot get a bed in general hospitals. The physician-superintendant of a mental defective Institution has written to the *Lancet* pointing out that adult female mental defectives are kept as domestic drudges earning a few shillings pocket money; but that, of a hundred cases certified "unsuitable for work in the community," he was able to rehabilitate the greater part. Some became full wage-earning workers; some "formed attachments to members of the opposite sex" in spite of regulations which so forbade patients on licence; and, with his unorthodox consent, some married and produced normal, healthy children.

Six hundred years ago an Act of Edward II distinguished between "lunatics" and "natural fools." In the last century, the Lunacy Acts removed the distinction and bulked "idiots" and "persons of unsound mind" together. In 1913, the Mental Deficiency Act restored the old position—but on a basis of very different social circumstances from those which exist today. The various Acts and administrative ordinances recognise that mental illness is, broadly speaking, disorder of a mind which has formerly functioned normally, whereas mental defect is a state of arrested or incomplete mental development. It is this body of laws which the Royal Commission is now examining.

In this country there are 150,000 mentally ill patients and about the same number mentally defective. That means that seven people out of every thousand are "mental." Leaving aside the question of the mental defectives, the situation of these whose normal minds have become sick is alarming. Out of every 100 beds in British hospitals, 43 are occupied by the mentally ill; and there are not enough beds. The Government is prepared to spend £1,000,000 this year for the construction of additional mental hospital accommodation. That, in present circumstances, is not enough. It will not dispose of the serious overcrowding, far less provide the proper facilities for selective yards and amenities for treatment.

The situation of the hospitals is getting progressively worse, and overcrowding will persist even if a most ambitious programme of mental hospital extensions were to be undertaken—far beyond the financial scope of anything contemplated at the moment. The reasons are many. The first is the increasing stress of modern life which, in every Western country, is manifesting itself in "breakdown." The second is the extension of the span of life with the accompanying increase in the senile forms of mental sickness, coupled with the increasing tendency to relegate the aged chronic sick (both physical and mental) to hospitals. Another reason is the success of the out-patient clinics in discovering and referring cases which in the old days were overlooked—until they became a public menace and probably incurable. There is also the commendable fact that the stigma of the "lunatic asylum" (like the term itself) has gone, with the increasing recognition that a mental hospital is a place where patients are treated and from which 50,000 a year are discharged. This has meant an increasing number of voluntary patients, who now account for 67 per cent. of all admissions.

The biggest burden on the hospitals are the aged chronics, the troublesome relatives whom nobody wants. Most of them are quite harmless; and a mental hospital does little more for them than provide bed and board at the public expense. As in the case of the aged decrepits in the general hospitals, they continue to occupy beds which could be effectively used in the treatment and rehabilitation of younger patients. Earlier diagnosis and the readiness of patients voluntarily to accept treatment means that doctors have now a better chance of obtaining effective results—as witness the number of discharges. But even this progress is being frustrated by present overcrowding.

"It looks," said the *Lancet* recently, "as though, having spent some decades persuading patients to come into mental hospitals for treatment, we must find some way of persuading them to stay out, or anyhow to leave earlier." That statement is neither sardonic nor defeatist; it is a challenge to rethink the methods of treatment of mental cases and to ask whether hospitalising is the most effective answer. Experts of the World Health Organisation have recently pronounced that it is not and that, as a matter of principle, the mental health of the community as a whole will not be bettered by the segregation of the abnormal. There is a lingering reluctance to accept this, although we have moved a long way from Bedlam and the attitude of the nineteenth century (from which many of our present mental hospitals date) which led to the institutions being built outside the communities and regarded as jails rather than as treatment centres. For years enlightened medical opinion has deplored the isolation of mental hospitals and has argued that there should be no discrimination between the hospitals for the physically and the mentally sick. There ought, it is argued, to be psychiatric wards, as a matter of course, in general hospitals. Mind and body should be accepted as a common medical concern.

Nowadays even that is not regarded as a sufficient answer. The retreat into hospital is often the too-easy line of escape—a funk-hole which the patient is seeking from stresses. But the road back is all the harder and the reacceptance of responsibilities more difficult. This was recognised in the successful approach made by the Dutch to the problem twenty years ago. The remarkable Dr. A. Quirido was confronted in Amsterdam with the same, apparently insoluble, difficulties which confront us today. The number of discovered cases of mental sickness were multiplying on a scale which could not be met by the physical extension of hospitals. Instead, a mental health service was established to keep people out of mental hospitals as far as possible, to keep them actively and gainfully employed and to adjust them to the circumstances of a normal existence. A 24-hour service was established, with a team of psychiatrists and social workers, to give psychiatric first-aid or mental casualty service, at a moment's notice, at the behest of the family doctor, the officials of the Ministry of Labour or the police. Once a patient comes under this care, psycho-social treatment is provided in the home if necessary for months or years. This system takes into account the fact that mental illness is often due to the breakdown of family relations or to the strain of relations

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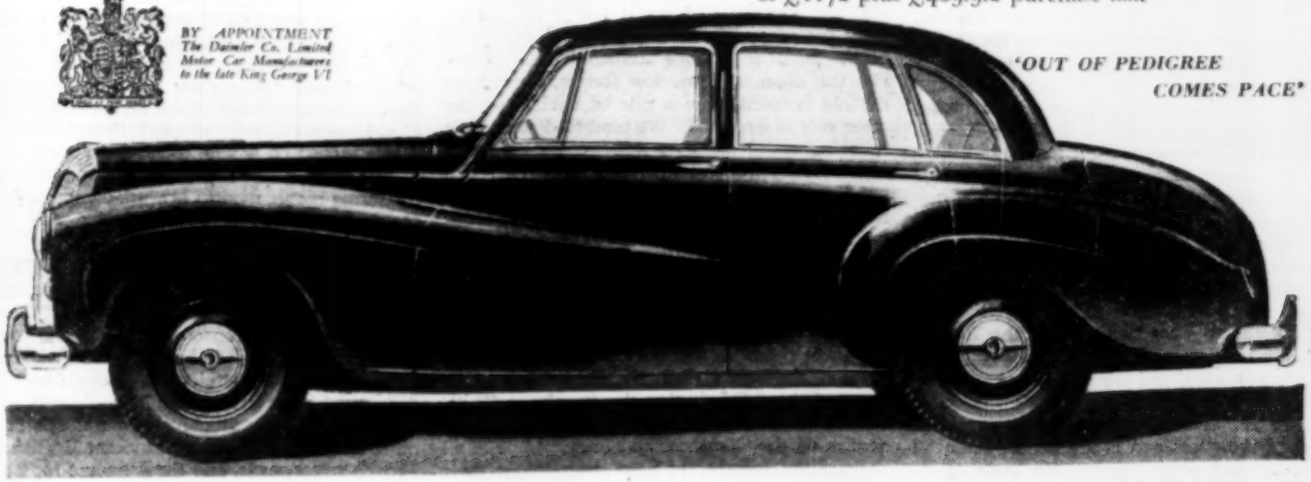

at work. So the Dutch doctors aim at treating their cases in the environment of these actual conditions and not in the special environment of the hospital. Two out of five patients, under this system, are never admitted to hospital. The service treats the family circumstances or the workshop practice as much as it does the patient. Where working conditions are aggravating the symptoms or the patient is a complete misfit, the service has four "sheltered" workshops where the mentally sick are reconditioned.

All psychiatrists, in their immediate post-graduate training, have to spend six months with this service, learning the social and preventive aspects of their profession; and there is a close liaison between the domiciliary service and the diagnostic and research laboratories. If a patient has to go to hospital, the service resumes its care and protection on his discharge. This means that a minimum period is spent in the institutions since the hospital specialists have the assurance of complete after-care. In Amsterdam, it works. Compared with London, the suicide rate is 7.3 per 100,000 against 11.7, and the admission rate to hospital is less than a third. On that basis, if the Dutch system were applied to England and Wales, there would be each year 20,000 fewer admissions. This would take care of the present overcrowding and would gradually diminish the mental hospital population, since (taking the 1952 figures) there were 49,251 discharges and 11,661 deaths, compared with 62,258 admissions.

Such a system would mean not only a quantitative but a qualitative improvement of our treatment of mental sickness. With its emphasis on the social and preventive aspects, with its concern to treat the individual as part of the environment with which he has to come to terms and to regard him as a temporary casualty instead of someone to be "put away," it helps to affirm that mental ill-health is as conventional as physical ill-health. That it can work has been shown at Oldham, where, applying the Amsterdam principles, the number of patients admitted to mental hospitals last year was reduced by a third.

RITCHIE CALDER

Work Camp

THE team from the *Service Civil International* lived in tents under the pine trees of Argostoli, the little capital of Cephalonia, one of the three Ionian islands devastated by last August's earthquakes. There were fourteen of us there, in April—Seiji, the Japanese leader, two Indians, two Frenchmen, two French girls, two Swiss, one Irishman, a Belgian, and a German woman. I was for the time the only English woman—and so the defender of everything from Eden's foreign policy to the inexplicable refusal of two English girls to talk to a Greek student who asked them a most polite question just outside a respectable Athenian shoe shop.

There is no building standing in Argostoli which dates from before the August earthquake. The team was ready to work, mostly putting up buildings, for anybody worth while who asked for their help and could provide them with raw materials. They were unpaid, but the *Service* was ready to give a little pocket money (about five shillings a week) and to pay the fares of volunteers ready to stay for a long time—third class of course and steerage on the boat from Italy, all among the goats and laying hens. Many of the Greek authorities thought we were Communists (which I think none of us were), reasoning that all foreigners are French, and all the French are Communists. More sensibly, and we resented it more, others thought we were less efficient and slower than the ordinary workmen. Whatever the reason, it was not always easy for the team to find suitable projects.

The first thing the team had built was a wooden waiting room at the children's hospital, whose main ward is a Nissen hut put up by the British Navy in August. (Permanent stone building is still not allowed in the island.) When I joined them in April they were finishing an operating theatre at the main hospital to replace another Nissen hut. The old theatre was too dark, too hot in summer, too cold in winter; and the patients had to be carried in stretchers up and down a rather slippery muddy slope a full 100 yards from the main wards. This added to the rather oriental look of the hospital, with its wards in long low hutments on either side of a broad muddy road. The hospital staff were very kind to us. They gave us constant cups of tea and warm sweetened condensed milk, with bean soup, sausages, and brown bread for our lunch. They learnt our names—those they could pronounce—and the nurses wetted their fingers and rubbed Govind's dark, South Indian skin to see if it was real. Govind at 20 was the youngest of the team. He had left his house and school in Hyberabad about a year ago to join the work camps in India and Europe. Later he hoped to take a social science course at an English college so that he could go back to India as a village leader. He kept his clothes far cleaner than the rest of us. Our new operating theatre was going to be a really professional job. It was built of wood lined with *papier mâché* boards and painted a beautiful smooth white. After a morning painting skirting boards, I wanted to use a big brush on the walls and ceilings. But Joseph the Belgian painter would not let me. He disdained amateur work.

While Joseph and his skilled assistants finished the painting, the others started on a dining room opposite for the hospital nurses and patients. This also was to be a real professional job. Seiji, Karl, the old Swiss who actually had been a paid mason, and the hospital authorities drew up the plans. Then Seiji, with a helper, laid the string to mark out the foundation lines, and everybody who could get a spade dug the trenches. The foundations only needed to be nine inches or so deep, as this was also a light wood building. In about a year the hospital hoped to move into a Swedish "prefab," and then perhaps, a long time ahead, into a real earthquake-proof, permanent building. A two-brick foundation was laid in the trenches and I longed to try my hand at masoning, but Norman told me it was much harder work and more difficult than it looked, and I had better stick to mixing cement. The stones, like the doors and window frames, came from the old hospital, now a pile of rubble, on the other side of Argostoli. We scrabbled among the decaying walls looking for stones of the right size, and carefully scraped and prepared the wooden window frames. When I left, the timber for the main part of the building had arrived. It needed sawing, planing, and shaping. The roof was to be asbestos, and the Greek soldiers, who have done a great deal of the rough work of making the Ionian islands habitable, were digging two drainage holes to take the kitchen refuse.

But for the team the work they did was probably less important than why they did it. The point of the S.C.I. is that the founder, a Swiss, wanted to establish an alternative to military service on the Continent and bring people of all nationalities together to help clear up the mess after natural disasters. It was to be so tough and so useful that all European countries would at last recognise conscientious objectors as people who were not necessarily feeble and un-public spirited. But the only alternative to military service in France, Belgium, and Switzerland is still a prison sentence, and several of the "*civilistes*" (it was what we called ourselves) had been in prison. One of the international secretaries spends a regular fortnight a year in a Swiss jail when he annually refuses to pick up his rifle for his training period. He is lucky; under Swiss law he could spend three months a year in jail. Prison has an odd effect on the younger men. The middle-aged seem to stand it more easily. The young men themselves become too silent, too sensitive to what other people say, sometimes short-tempered, and sometimes they have bad nightmares. There is little social stigma, I was told, about a prison sentence for conscientious objection, but parents are sometimes worried and puzzled.

One of the standing camp arguments was about one's duty to serve this prison sentence and not to join the army. Was it necessary to follow one's principles to the logical conclusion or was it simply silly? The younger men who had served in the army had hated it, not only because they objected positively to killing people, but because they thought army discipline stupid in its stamping out of a soldier's personality and its insistence on his unthinking acceptance of orders. But other *civilistes* thought discipline in itself a good thing, and particularly necessary in a camp which attempted to offer an alternative service to the army's. Very often this division was between the young and the old, or between the French and the Germans or German Swiss. The English, I was told, like the Germans, generally favour discipline. In this dispute there was always the danger that old memories of the war and the Resistance—in which several of the men had served—would suddenly flare up.

When the question of a rigidly fixed timetable arose with us, it was Seiji who minded most. He had fought in the Japanese army and he had, he said, come to the West to learn democracy. What was the value, he asked, of so much sweat, of so much travel from us all—if it was forced sweat, forced work? He could not, would not, force people to do things; he had seen too much of it; it was better not to work at all.

Seiji worked on the average at least an hour longer than anyone else, shouting his songs in a mixture of Urdu and Japanese, as well as drawing up the camp reports, negotiating with the Greek authorities and doing most of the small dirty jobs round the camp, like washing up in cold greasy water. Fortunately a good deal of the dispute was lost in translation. The camp used at least three languages—French, German and English—and only our French Swiss, Robert, could translate into them all quickly enough. But he found Norman's Irish accent difficult, and I could never follow the quick French slang the young men used among themselves. Seiji spoke a little careful vivid English—he had picked it up during his six months at work camps in India. He understood French and talked a very little, using always the polite "vous" forms.

Only Yvonne, who was one of the French girls, small, nervous and very much alive, spoke Greek. The townspeople called her "Costa," because she wore trousers like a boy and used a pickaxe. Several of the other French spoke Italian. This was useful, as Cephalonia had been occupied by the Italians and people still spoke the language. We taught each other bits of the other languages—the more innocent English and French swearwords, and the Japanese for "good morning." There was a guitar in the camp, and

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Yvonne played it while we sang—sometimes from a rather depressing international songbook expressing fraternal feelings in every language from Finnish to Chinese.

On Sundays we bathed, walked, or just slept. No one went regularly to any church service except Norman, the Irish Quaker, and we did not talk about religion. Mao, the half-Polynesian Frenchman, who had spent the first 15 years of his life in Tahiti, fought with me for the daily paper. The others did not seem to read very much. Certainly they despised journalism as unreal, corrupt, and untruthful. Mao was a student of philosophy at the Sorbonne and read Camus lying on his camp-bed. Unlike the others, he was staying for only a few weeks, and we talked once of the dangers of too much "*civilisme*." How one might like the camps too much, the strong friendship (in spite of our differences of principle), the absence of responsibility for everybody but the leader, and the mental ease brought by physical, heavy and apparently worth-while work. It could be difficult to fit back into the ordinary world. For myself I do not think I would be tempted to stay for more than a fortnight in one of the camps. They are too uncomfortable. Our tents leaked even in the spring rains, and in winter, Yvonne said, it had been too cold to sleep. Manual work I find exhausting and tedious. But these camps are fascinating: I think because goodness is such an odd quality—and there are always one or two genuinely good people at these camps—people apparently entirely free of the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil, wanting no money, no comforts, not even their names in the paper. And with this they are impressive: without intelligence or learning, they know the answers; and they are unexpected answers, about people, ideas, and things. They have a force about them and the ability to impress, for a time, even middling humanity like me, with their own overwhelming sense of purpose.

LOIS MITCHISON

The Stationmaster On Safari

THE Station Commander pushed his empty coffee cup hard, so that it slid along the highly polished refectory-table, leaned his elbow on the table, and put his head on his hand.

"Tell me, what are you doing tonight?"

"Nothing, sir," I replied.

"Where are the others?"

"Well, sir," I said, "the Accountant Officer has gone dog-racing, the Adjutant has gone to the pictures, the Air Ministry auditors are playing each other at snooker and the Equipment Officer is in the bar."

"Waiting till I've gone so that he can come into dinner in his battle-dress. He's doing a good job is Scottie, but he won't get far."

"Why, sir?"

"Uncouth, Bill. Scottie is uncouth."

The National Service waiter, impassive, leaned against the wall, watching us, waiting for us to go so that he could clear away. When I looked at him, he sneered very faintly. The Station Commander stood up and walked quickly towards the bar, long-legged, his arms swinging, his big, dark head held stiffly forward—the stiffness a relic of an accident—and I followed him in my cheaper, less elegant, only suit. He kicked the bar door open. Scottie was there in his filthy battle-dress, drinking Coca-Cola.

"Good evening, sir," he said, putting his drink down.

"Working, Scottie?" said the Wing Commander, looking him up and down. "Yes, of course."

"Just one drink before I change, sir."

"Have another one, Scottie."

We talked about the situation in Egypt, non-politically. Scottie used the phrase "send a gunboat" unselfconsciously. Scottie had once told a crowded bar that he saw God as a Station Commander; the Day of Judgment was the Court-Martial we all had coming to us. I asked him where he saw the Equipment Officer in the hierarchy; but he wasn't having any. There were a few jokes about stores voucher action on harps and wings, then some more jokes about harps and wings, and the nasty threat of talk about religion passed. Scottie, anyway, was doing pretty badly with his temporal Station Commander.

"Bill and I are going shooting," said the Wing Commander. "Are you coming, Scottie?"

"I'd like to, sir, but I've got some work to do."

We went out of the bar, passed the billiards room where the Air Ministry auditors were screaming and giggling, over the deep, red hallway carpet and out of the Mess.

"You see what I mean, Bill, about Scottie. No guile. No bloody sense. When I was an F.O. I used to play croquet with the Stationmaster."

We got into the staff car and shot off suddenly, taking the corner early, the front wheel hitting the kerb, then the second, sharp, corner late, hitting the hedge with the rear mudguard at forty-four miles an hour, the Wing Commander undisturbed at the wheel, as if, in fact, he were a very good driver and we had hit nothing at all. When I first rode with him, he almost convinced me by his charming conversation, his easy gestures with his left hand, that people weren't waving fists at us and that we didn't hit that roundabout. He was a very bad driver at any speed; the high speeds at which he always travelled simply made the consequences of his incompetence more important.

He ran into his big house to fetch his gun. When he came out, his fat, ugly dog, Porter, was with him. The Wing Commander had begun his working-life as a railway-porter.

"Do you like Porter?"

"Not very much, sir," I said.

"Why not?"

"I don't know him very well, of course, sir, but he's rather ugly, isn't he?"

"He's a man's dog," said the Station Commander, putting his foot under Porter's stomach and lifting the animal into the flowerbeds. Rolling along the ground, barking, it came back, leaping up to its master's shoulders and licking his face. The Wing Commander threw it into the back of the car. Again we accelerated amazingly, braked with a jerk on the main road, and swung left on to the airfield.

He explained to me, as I looked across the grass and tarmac, faintly lit by moonlight, that I was to drive. He was going to open the roof of the car, stand at my side, shout instructions to me and fire at any rabbits that he saw in the headlights. Was that clear? Yes, sir, we were a sort of tank. That's right. I'd never driven a car before. Hell, I only had to use the accelerator and the wheel, didn't I? What about gears? Airfields are flat. Hadn't I heard? Airfields are flat.

The car ran noiselessly over the thick grass, swayed in and out of hollows. All headlights were on, searching the hedges, the tarmac, the mysterious field. It was driving made easy.

"Hard left," he shouted. "Left again. Now right. See him, the joker."

I could see the rabbit running fast a hundred yards away. "After him, boy," the Wing Commander shouted at me. Porter rolled about in the back seat, barking in his rabbit-fantasies.

I drove at high speed, losing sight of the rabbit, looking out for obstacles, until I heard the gun go off, when I braked with difficulty. We put the rabbit in the back of the car with the slavering dog. The faster I drove, the more wild the arcs and curves I made in the grass, the more sure I became that something would go wrong. There would be a crash—the Wing Commander killed; the Pilot-Officer surviving to face the charges of misuse of service petrol, of service vehicle, of rabbit-shooting with his commanding officer to the detriment of service discipline. One heard daily of careless cheque-cashers drummed out for misappropriation; of the service car recognised outside a public house far from its authorised route.

We found ourselves on concrete, among derelict outhouses and heaped, rusted wire, chasing a hare. I drove over potholes, through a shallow lake and shed without walls, the Wing Commander shouting directions, scratching his calf with the toe of his shoe, and back on to the airfield where, suddenly, the car hit a tractor and the gun went off and a tyre exploded in the same moment. The Wing Commander fell into the seat beside me swearing and laughing. The bumper had a large dent in it; the tyre was flat. The tractor looked very permanent and rather noble in the moonlight.

"I think I'll drive it back," he said.

"I thought, sir, one couldn't drive a car with a flat tyre."

The car bumped a great deal on the way back.

"That's the pathetic thing, Bill. Scottie is efficient but uncouth, and you are a glib young sod and bloody hopeless. Don't you know a tractor when you see one?"

"When I see one, sir."

We went into his house and stood before a log fire. He went out to find the batman and I looked at his books. They were mostly about air warfare. There were a few Churchill volumes, a Fowler, novels by Maugham, Balchin, Shute and, of course, a *Whittaker*. I looked at the salaries of men whose names meant nothing to me. None of them were very funny. The liqueur-bottle lamp-shades were decorated with newspaper headlines of the Battle of Britain and from the *News of the World*. When the phone rang and was answered elsewhere in the house, I picked up the extension. Scottie was on the line explaining that the Orderly Officer was wanted. One of the airmen had smashed up a jeep in the town. There was a woman in the jeep. Scottie, with bitterness, as if from an old anger, in his voice, then told the Station Commander that he thought I was the Orderly Officer but no one could find me. The Station Commander then said that he would see to it.

When he came into the room he asked me who the Orderly Officer was. I told him I didn't know, at least wasn't certain. He asked me who I thought it was. I said I thought it was Scottie.

"We'll see about this," he said.

"Are you going anywhere, sir?" I asked.

"I'll be back in no time at all. Help yourself to a drink. We'll have some sandwiches in a moment."

He strode out of the room, banging the door behind him. Porter barked excitedly outside. I settled down in an armchair by the fire, to wait on events, turning-on the radio, listening to a contralto singing the "St. Louis Blues" in Welsh. An avenging father-figure was going to catch up on someone, Scottie perhaps.

W. JOHN MORGAN

The Arts and Entertainment

GLYNDEBOURNE

THERE were doubtless many sound reasons behind Glyndebourne's unexpected choice of *The Barber of Seville*. An otherwise adventurous season needed a safe box-office draw; Rossini's masterpiece, the worse for more than a century's wear and tear, badly needed restoration. For that task Gui, a passionate Rossinian, was certainly the man. Under his loving hand the Royal Philharmonic revealed many hidden delights in the piquant orchestration, and a carefully selected cast had been drilled into the happiest state of smoothness and precision in such ensembles as the first act finale and the penultimate trio.

Carl Ebert's production was as spirited as had been anticipated, and less original than might have been feared. True, he spared us many stale and feeble jokes—such as treating the stupefied Dr. Bartolo as a sort of human towel-rail during the "Freddo ed immobile" section of the first finale—and often charmed us by comic touches which were new, appropriate, and really funny. But some threadbare jests remain, as when Dr. Bartolo leaves his house and turns the key *four* times (to that curiously unconvincing rattle "off" which does duty in every opera house in the world for door-keys, and for Beckmesser's chalk)—then, retracing his steps, turns it twice more to ensure that no one in the theatre shall miss the joke. Well, in defence of such antics it can be truly claimed that there is something immitigably broad, not to say corny, in the humour of this opera; and I confess to having felt a twinge of disappointment when (in Act II) the disguised Count failed to make the traditional use of his shovel hat to escape the scrutiny of Don Basilio peering at him from under *his* shovel hat—a hallowed piece of business which can look irresistibly absurd in the hands of two good comedians.

Oliver Messel has designed some charming clothes, inspired by Goya, and a pleasant street scene which turns itself inside out to become an interior *chez* Dr. Bartolo. The storm in the second act was played to a pretty obbligato of billowing curtains and swinging doors; but was it not carrying meteorology too far to have prepared us, in the first act, by a sky so chilly and so grey? The stage, like the Glyndebourne gardens, suffered from a want of sunshine: subdued lighting is inappropriate to these farcical scenes of mounting confusion and claustrophobia, the fun of which depends on our ability to observe every passing flicker of malice, apprehension or dismay on each of the singers' faces. There are opera singers, perhaps, whose features are best left in a decent obscurity; but in the long annals of Glyndebourne charmers I cannot recall a prettier, younger or more captivating heroine than the Rosina of Graziella Sciutti. Fortunately, her appearance is only the beginning of her charms, for she acts well and has a sweet, flexible soprano of unusually even timbre, rich and telling in the lower octave, and free from the usual Italian hardening and whiteness in the notes above the stave. Her phrasing is musical, her enunciation vivid. The other outstanding performance came from Ian Wallace as Dr. Bartolo, who pattered away as well as any Italian, and created a real comic character instead of trotting out the stalest tricks from the buffo repertory. Both Antonio Cassinelli (Don Basilio) and Sesto Bruscantini (Figaro) were effective enough in a more routine sort of way: both could afford, in so small a house, to sing certain passages of their music more gently and smoothly. Juan Oncina delivered the Count's serenades in delightful style, with many a pretty flourish; but on Saturday night his pleasant tenor seemed (and no wonder) to be slightly under the weather.

If the new *Barbiere* is worth seeing for its soprano alone, the same cannot be truly said of the revival of last year's *Alceste*. Once more Magda Laszlo made a handsome and dignified Grecian Queen; but in this role—one of the longest and most sublime in classical opera—I would rather see any old frump who had the voice to do justice to Gluck's music. Mme Laszlo fully understands the requisite style, but her keen-edged, somewhat wiry, soprano lacks amplitude and conveys no impression of ease, so that such glorious things as "Ah malgré moi mon faible cœur," at the end of Act II, made only half their proper effect. Nevertheless, this great act was brought to life by the passionate intensity of Richard Lewis as Admetus; and Sir Hugh Casson's imaginative vision of the approach to Hades carried us safely to the end. With so fine a chorus, orchestra, conductor (Gui) and producer (Ebert), the total impact made by the opera is certainly considerable; but there is a hole in the middle—it is really Hamlet without the Prince.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

LIGHTWEIGHTS

MR. ARTHUR MACRAE is one of our deftest light comedians whether as writer or actor, and we can be pretty certain in attending a new play by him that at the least we are not going to be palmed off with a warmed-up version of the mixture-as-before, that, if nothing else, the ingredients will be fresh. *Both Ends Meet* at the Apollo, just falls short of being a very good light comedy, but it succeeds in being a highly entertaining one. Tom Davenport, its hero, is a man consumed with a hatred for the Inland Revenue Commissioners, and tax evasion is the pin on which the comedy turns. He carries his obsessions so far that he won't marry his fiancée because, both being professional people, they do better in "allowances" as single units than as a married pair. But he has a puritan streak and will not follow this to its logical conclusion, defy the conventions and live openly with her. This contradiction in character is, alas, only hinted at; developed, it might have produced a fully comic character and given the piece the dimension and unity it somehow lacks. Instead it is all a little haphazard and chancy, and veers uneasily between comedy and farce. It sets out to be comedy but the comic development does not flow from the character as in comedy it should, but arrives purely by coincidence in the farce manner. Davenport's ward gets herself engaged to a young man whose profession is something to do with figures; he turns out to be not an accountant, but a clerk in the Inland Revenue office. His aunt dies leaving him a fortune, and the well-bred fortune hunters descend on him like vultures, but by uncovering their dodges for income tax evasion he drives them off with the threat of exposure. This episode gives us the chance of enjoying one of Mr. Miles Malleson's all too rare appearances in modern comedy. His shuffling, hearty incoherent Lord Minster is a perfect delight. Mr. Macrae himself carries the main part through with a smooth, agreeable finish; but he has not given Miss Brenda Bruce enough real meat for so good a comedienne. Another three months' polish all round on this comedy would have made all the difference.

No amount of polish would materially have altered *It's Never Too Late* in which Miss Celia Johnson makes her re-appearance at the Westminster. Here the materials are themselves stale, and though they have been put together skilfully enough that does not conceal the musty smell.

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The middle-class mother pestered by an oh such a trying family: her writing, which no one takes seriously: her success by means of a book society novel: her leaving them to write whole time: her loss of inspiration and return—all this has not improved by keeping in the stock pot. It all slides down easily enough with the expert help of Miss Johnson and Mr. Ian Hunter, but you are so accustomed to it, you hardly notice.

The smell of must is unmistakable, too, in Mr. Noël Coward's musical play, based on *Lady Windermere's Fan*. In itself the old play makes not a bad foundation: its melodramatics stand up better to musical treatment than they ever did straight. But Mr. Coward's humour and Wilde's clash as badly as ill-matching colours, and stale though the Wildean epigram has become, it has not dated half so badly as Mr. Coward's pertly patronising way with the Victorian era. It may be argued that our changed attitude of respectful interest is itself only a manifestation of fashion. Even so the fact is that nothing looks so dowdy as yesterday's latest creation, and Mr. Coward's twentyish Victoriana are decidely *vieux jeu*. *After the Ball* (at the Globe) is done with a characteristic lightness and charm, which may please the not too discriminating. The women, Vanessa Bell, Irene Browne, Mary Ellis, have style, but neither the men nor the sets have much. Mr. Coward is here drawing on his capital, he is only imitating his own past success and nothing fresh ever comes out of that.

Of the same period, and no less "old hat" for being at the opposite end of the intellectual pole is e. e. cummings's *him* which the indefatigably highbrow I.C.A. gave a reading on Sunday at their premises in Dover Street. "him" is "an artist, a man, and a failure" ("All my life I've wondered if I'm any good"); "me" is an ordinary wife who doesn't understand him. Interminably, as was the fashion of American intellectuals, they work over their not very original predicament in a not very original way with a few, but too few, flashes of illumination from the poetry. In the style of the time comic dream sequences are interposed, and these sometimes reach the level of good provincial music hall and have occasionally the redeeming quality of being bawdy; there are a few good lines (*e.g.*, "I held my husband up to the light yesterday and saw right through him") which suggests that with a better tradition behind him Cummings might have written good theatrical comedy. What made the experiment more than tolerable was the skill of the readers, Miss Margaret Vines's touching "me," Mr. Harold Lang's angry self-hating "him" and Mr. George Devine's gusto in a series of comic interruptions. But not even their excellence could persuade me of the merits of this pretentious product of the intellectual theatre.

T. C. WORSLEY

GOYA

THE exhibition at the Arts Council, St. James's Square, of 178 drawings, etchings and lithographs by Goya is a truly outstanding artistic event. Its influence on our young contemporaries will probably be profound. Ninety-nine of the drawings come from the Prado, fifty of the etchings from the fine private collection of Thomas Harris and the remainder from the Lazaro Galdiano Museum, Madrid. Most of the drawings belong to the period of Goya's full maturity, dating from 1820 to 1828. Some are separate sketches; others are studies for the etchings of the Caprichos, The Disasters of War, the Tauromaquia and The Proverbs, from each of which a selection of prints is exhibited. Altogether, the Arts Council should be warmly congratulated for mounting an exhibition which clearly reveals the essential character of Goya's greatness as a graphic artist, and also for having had the courage to present him "unbowdlerised."

Goya's genius as a graphic artist was that of a commentator. I do not mean that his work was straightforward reportage, far from it; but that he was much more interested in events than states of mind. The excitement of walking round this exhibition is not simply that of looking at 150 works of consummate draughtsmanship. Each work appears unique not on account of its style but on account of the incident upon which it comments. At the same time, these incidents lead from one to another so that their effect is culminative—almost like that of film shots.

Indeed, another way of describing Goya's vision would be to say that it was essentially theatrical. Not in the derogatory sense of the word, but because he was constantly concerned with the way action might be used to epitomise a character or a situation. The way he composed was theatrical. His works always imply an encounter. His figures are not gathered round a natural centre so much as assembled from the wings. And the impact of his work is also dramatic. One doesn't analyse the processes of vision that lie behind an etching by Goya; one submits to its climax.

Goya's method of drawing remains an enigma. It is almost impossible to say *how* he drew: where he began a drawing, what method he had of analysing form, what system he worked out for using tone. His work offers no clues to answer these questions because he was only interested in *what* he drew. His gifts, technical and imaginative, were prodigious. His control of a brush is comparable to Hokusai's. His power of visualising his subject was so precise that often scarcely a line is altered between preparatory sketch and finished plate. Every drawing he made is undeniably stamped with his personality. But despite all this, Goya's drawings are in a sense as impersonal, as automatic, as lacking in temperament as footprints—the whole interest of which lies not in the prints themselves but in what they reveal of the incident that caused them.

What was the nature of Goya's commentary? For despite the variety of the incidents portrayed, there is a constant underlying theme. His theme was the consequences of Man's neglect—sometimes mounting to hysterical hatred—of his most precious faculty, Reason. But Reason in the eighteenth-century materialistic sense: Reason as a discipline yielding Pleasure derived from the Senses. In Goya's work the flesh is a battleground between ignorance, uncontrolled passion, superstition on the one hand and dignity, grace and pleasure on the other. The unique power of his work is due to the fact that he was so *sensuously* involved in the terror and horror of the betrayal of Reason.

In all Goya's works—except perhaps the very earliest—there is a strong sensual and sexual ambivalence. His exposure of physical corruption in his Royal portraits is well known. But the implication of corruption is equally there in his portrait of Dona Isabel. His Maja undressed, beautiful as she is, is *terrifyingly* naked. And in the same way one could sum up the theme of the graphic works now on show by describing how one admires the delicacy of the flowers embroidered on the stocking of a pretty courtesan in one drawing, and then, how suddenly, immediately, one foresees in the next the mummer-headed monster that as a result of the passion aroused by her delicacy, she will bear as a son. A monk undresses in a brothel and Goya draws him, hating him, not in any way because he himself is a puritan, but because he senses that the same impulses that are behind this incident will lead in the Disasters of War to soldiers castrating a peasant and raping his wife. The huge brutal heads he puts on hunchback bodies, the animals he dressed up in official robes of office, the way he gave to the cross-hatched tone on a human body the filthy implication of fur, the rage with which he drew witches—all these were protests against the abuse of human possibilities. And what makes Goya's protests so desperately relevant for us, after Buchenwald and Hiroshima, is that he knew that when corruption goes far enough, when the human possibilities are denied with sufficient ruthlessness, both ravager and victim are made bestial.

Then there is the argument about whether Goya was an objective or subjective artist; whether he was haunted by his own imaginings,

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TRUE HIGH FIDELITY

or by what he saw of the decadence of the Spanish Court, the ruthlessness of the Inquisition and the horror of the Peninsula War. In fact, this argument is falsely posed. Obviously Goya sometimes used his own conflicts and fears as the starting point for his work, but he did so because he consciously saw himself as being typical of his time. The intention of his work was highly objective and social. His theme was what man was capable of doing to man. Most of his subjects involve action between figures. But even when the figures are single—a girl in prison, an habitual lecher, a beggar who was once "somebody,"—the implication, often actually stated in the title, is "Look what has been done to them."

One of the most interesting confirmations that Goya's work was outward-facing and objective is his use of light. In his works it is not, as with all those who romantically frighten themselves, the dark that holds horror and terror. It is the light that discloses them. Goya lived and observed through something near enough to total war to know that night is security and that it is the dawn that one fears. The light in his work is merciless for the simple reason that is shows up cruelty. Some of his drawings of the carnage of the Disasters are like film shots of a flare-lit target after a bombing operation; the light floods the gaps in the same way.

Finally and in view of all this one tries to assess Goya. There are artists such as Leonardo or even Delacroix who are more analytically interesting than Goya. Rembrandt was more profoundly compassionate in his understanding. But no artist has ever achieved greater honesty than Goya: honesty in the full sense of the word meaning facing the facts *and* preserving one's ideals. With the most patient craft Goya could etch the appearance of the dead and the tortured, but underneath the print he scrawled impatiently, desperately, angrily, "Why?" "Bitter to be present," "This is why you have been born," "What more can be done?" "This is worse." The inestimable importance of Goya for us now is that his honesty compelled him to face and to judge the issues that still face us.

JOHN BERGER

THE MOVIES

"Father Brown," at the Plaza

The kindling thing about *Father Brown* is that it has found for Mr. Alec Guinness one of the many parts of a lifetime. There *is* something clerical about him; he would fit a Dickensian high stool in the fogs of Chancery, a travel-bureau counter, or the role of that bookie's partner who takes down everything; he is the pale young curate and the old ovine parson. Offhand, he springs to mind most vividly as the Rev. and Hon. member of the ill-fated Gascoynes, and as Fagin: the latter, surely, with his black Sunday School, a caricature of the priest's role. It is not such a far cry to Father Brown. Chesterton bequeaths him wisdom and innocence, an umbrella, short sight, an inner vigilance that leads strangely to where the body is; and the script-writers, Miss Thelma Schnee and Mr. Robert Hamer (who also directs), have thrown in the inevitable if out-of-date cassock and a story that will trip him up and show him off as a heavenly detective always in trouble with his bishop.

We see him first apparently burgling a safe, though with his love of paradox he is in fact unburgling it, and pushing a goat among his flock to leave safe-cracking and assume chauffeurship—Monsignor has to bail him out. Monsignor pays a visit to his church, to find him locked in the thrills of ju-jitsu on the green. He goes off to a eucharistic congress in Rome with St. Augustine's cross and loses it on the way, managing to get himself gagged and bound in the Paris catacombs. He is always giving the slip to Scotland Yard and tracking down the disguises of one Flambeau, a high dignitary of crime, whom we can usually spot before he does—but that is one of the shortcomings of screen mystification. Flambeau's soul is what Brown wants and will get; meanwhile he hops and schemes and flounders with brown paper parcels and the chuckling inward light. The point of all this, as regards the film's success, is how far it suits Guinness; and it does suit him, more than pretty well. He gets the quiet absurdity, touches of glee and seriousness, and mans the pulpit as bravely as the Channel steamer. It is a good Guinness advertisement, in fact.

It could have been rather more, and I think the script-writers set out to make it more. The "great Flambeau" of the original was a gasconading giant, who in his criminal days would roar out of sunsets, snatch famous pearls and vaunt anti-clericalism. Then, from being a great crook, he slips into being a great detective—or rather the shadow of one, for Chesterton never develops him, and the issue of faith triumphal is taken for granted. The fat little ordinary-extraordinary priest needed a big companion with scimitar moustaches, and there he was. In the film something more of the struggle between them, both in detective thrills and in fishing for souls, is attempted. It doesn't get very far. Some amusing and lively incidents crop up, especially with the voyaging priests in Paris, and the auction; but the final exposure of the connoisseur's private gallery of stolen masterpieces, approached by a secret passage through the fireplace, is feeble indeed. *That* sort of master-mind has disclosed itself to us, only too often, in films before. We should be thankful, I suppose, that he doesn't, when discovered, instantly reveal madness, but escapes to slip in at the back of Father Brown's congregation. It is still, however, a cliché that doesn't clinch. *Father Brown* remains neat and entertaining, whereas it might have been stringently witty. I don't feel that either Chesterton's romantic extravagances or Mr. Hamer's spider-and-the-fly leanings have been wholeheartedly realised. Flambeau's redemption in this film attracted me less than the possibilities of Mr. Robert Hamer's—something of importance to English films; and I'm afraid again this isn't quite it.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

GERMAN REARMAMENT

SIR,—In the "education" of the public now proceeding on the subject of German rearmament, a number of factual inaccuracies are being allowed to creep into the argument.

(1) It has been stated that, while Eastern Germany is already rearmed, Western Germany has no military formations. Neither of these assertions is strictly accurate. The Eastern Germany Security Police has only skeleton divisional formations. Tanks and aircraft have been issued to it by the Russians for training purposes only, and not to operational units, though operational units do possess some artillery. Western Germany lacks armed forces only in the sense that there are no divisional formations. The West German Government has a Frontier Police, which is well armed, to between 40,000 and 50,000 men. These are in military formations and have a unified command. (The Eastern forces do not seem to be much over 70,000 men.) In addition there are Labour Corps, who are in military formation and receive some training. These are mainly under American command. Their strength is certainly well above 50,000. Finally, there are Police elements recruited from among displaced persons. There can be, therefore, no doubt that Western Germany possesses a potential military force, rather larger than the Eastern Germans', which can be fully armed at a moment's notice.

(2) It has been stated that the Germans do not contribute to their defence. In fact, the German contribution to the cost of Western Defence amounts to £700m., *i.e.*, about half of the British contribution. This level of contribution was decided prior to the general rearmament. It has not been increased since, only because German rearmament was expected to cost so much more relatively to the German capacity of payment as to necessitate a cessation of the present German contributions to Western Defence altogether.

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From Field Marshal Lord Alexander

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From Lord Halifax

This Third Jubilee must be an occasion of deep thankfulness for all that the Society has been able under God to do during the last one hundred and fifty years. May it continue to be so guided that more and more of God's people everywhere may be helped by humble reading of the Bible to know Him who is the beginning and end of all our life.

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JONATHAN CAPE

Thus German rearmament will have at least partly to be financed by Britain and France, already crushed by the burden of their own defence. The extra cost to Britain is estimated at between £120m. and £140m. It should be noted that Germany is a very heavy creditor in E.P.U. Thus German rearmament, far from stabilising the British external balance, threatens to endanger it.

(3) It has been stated that Germany enjoys special advantages by not having to contribute armed forces and thus being able to devote her productive capacity to exports. As we have seen, Germany does not altogether escape the burden. Only in so far as her armed forces will cost more than current contribution to Western Defence will she have to devote a larger part of her national income to defence. But only a part of even this increase will affect her foreign balance: much will not absorb exportable resources. Moreover, German productive capacity is not static. In point of fact, Germany has still very considerable productive resources at her disposal. Increased armament, by giving more employment, will attract more labour from the Eastern Zone. As it is, the steel and engineering capacity of Germany is only utilised to between 70-80 per cent.

Oxford. THOMAS BALOGH

MYXOMATOSIS

SIR,—Nigel Harvey's article emphasises how costly a burden rabbits are to both agriculture and forestry in Britain. There is, however, another aspect to the matter which is seldom considered but urgently demands thought and planning.

A great deal of the grazing done by rabbits on grassland is concentrated on areas which for various reasons—notably steepness—are and must remain in the category of rough grazing (which need not mean poor grazing) if they are to be useful grassland at all. What happens to such ground if rabbits cease to graze it? Either its grazing capacity is taken over by sheep and cattle, or, sooner or later, it becomes the domain of coarse grass, scrub or bracken. What we cannot do is dispense with herbivores and keep the pasture. Particularly clear and numerous examples have arisen on the chalk downs during and since the last war—a period in which rabbits were, very properly, severely reduced, but were not replaced by an equivalent grazing-potential of sheep or cattle (very roughly, one sheep replaces six rabbits). On steep slopes, removal of scrub is difficult and rarely done, while tor grass, an aggressive pest of downland, cannot be eradicated at all. The result is a great and even now increasing area of downland of scrubby aspect and negligible value. And the changes witnessed so far are a mere fraction of the foreseeable consequences of widespread myxomatosis—unless agricultural policy is ready.

Clearly we need a policy which will foster a return to the traditional regularity of hill grazing. Difficulties will be pointed out, including the lack of shepherds. If, as Nigel Harvey says, our agriculture has afforded £50 million a year on rabbits, money should scarcely be a difficulty. The alternative, which we should ignore no longer, is that the face of England will be greatly altered—for the worse.

University of Bristol. J. F. HOPE-SIMPSON

SIR,—I too am sickened and furious, as is Norah Brigham. Man, who often fancies he is made in the image of God, does seem unable to stop providing evidence that he is potentially the foulest creature in God's creation. But I differ from Norah Brigham in that I have not for many years been pleased to see rabbits playing about, because I have known that they would probably die after hours (days, if unlucky) of screaming struggling agony in steel gins—those instruments of abominable cruelty and inefficient farming. I do not know which causes the greater agony, a gin or myxomatosis, but I have read that the latter may take a fortnight to kill its victim. I have also read that many farmers are sickened by the suffering it causes, and are cursing the man who let it loose. I hope this is true. But in Cornwall farmers are taking infected rabbits from farm to farm, merrily enough, and no doubt not only in Cornwall. It is the trappers and rabbit-dealers who are wailing, just as they always wailed at the idea of efficient fumigation taking the place of the damnable gins. Well, it looks as though the *possible* abolition of the gin-trap, *possibly* in 1958, or "in due course," may be a plan which in a very short time from now will present no difficulties, even to the official mind.

Clearbrook, Devon. FRANCES BELLERBY

DR. GRAHAM AND THE CHURCHES

SIR,—Despite the protest of Fr. Spurin, the real difficulty about Dr. Graham for the Anglican does lie in his theology. One need not stand in the line of unorthodox "liberal" thought, as opposed to orthodox traditionalism, in order to repudiate the cosmology which Dr. Graham put forward or to lament his utter disregard of Biblical scholarship. Gore, Scott, Holland, Temple, are names which leap to one's mind of thinkers thoroughly orthodox in conclusion yet adopting an attitude which was as much in accord with scholarship in these matters as was that of the great French Roman Catholic commentator, Lagrange. Christian tradition accepts a theology, of which St. Thomas Aquinas was so outstanding an exponent, in which reason plays its proper part. It was this rational element which the teaching of Graham either ignored or outraged. Likewise, traditional Christian theology is sacramental through and through. The place occupied within its worship by bread and wine is reached in the light of a sacramentalism in theology which embraces the whole universe. It is not pietistic and next-worldly but positive as it seeks to interpret all material life "under the shadow of eternity." This note seemed to be lacking wholly in Graham's preaching.

It is merely a fact that, as a result of his non-sacramental and irrational pietism, Graham simply had no social content of any kind in his teaching. There was a morbid preoccupation with the murkier recesses of people's souls and a denunciation of the usual individual failings of the flesh. But social orders simply did not exist for the preacher, and he was quite unaware that, in Christian theology, social orders as much as individuals stand in need of redemption because they lie beneath the judgment of a supreme Righteousness. Indeed, one could but wonder what Maurice, Stewart Headlam, James Adderley, Conrad Noel or William Temple would have made of the Greater London Crusade! At the same time, one may likewise remark that the wide popularity of Graham in circles strongly wedded to the present social and financial system—the circles within which he found his main "backers"—may well have been occasioned by the lack of social judgment which follow of necessity from his non-social theology.

Whilst it must be admitted that some Anglicans supported him, the point must also be made clear that Graham never had the official support of the Anglican Church. When measured by its formularies, his theology is heretical and his crusade merely schismatic. One may at least hazard a guess that there may be a time when Anglicans as a whole will be grateful for this fact.

F. H. AMPHLETT MICKLEWRIGHT
All Saints' Church,
Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7.

GOOD TIME GIRL

SIR,—"Psychiatrist's" knowledge of patients whose I.Q.s have risen whilst they were in Institutions does not conflict with my knowledge of other patients whose I.Q.s have risen significantly when they were removed from an institution and enabled to live more normal lives. Both experiences suggest that our Mental Deficiency laws are out of date.

The 1913 and 1927 Mental Deficiency Acts were based on beliefs widely held at that time that mental deficiency was an inherent defect with no known cure. Intelligence quotients were believed to be relatively stationary. It was not unreasonable, therefore, to label people as average, dull, feebleminded, etc., and to expect them to retain these labels for the rest of their lives. I was trained in such beliefs. My conversion took place during the war when I gave many hundreds of individual Binet and other intelligence tests to borderline recruits for one of the services. I learnt then that a man's I.Q. was influenced

by a number of variable factors such as the type and number of tests used, his degree of literacy, his mood when tested, his relations with the psychologist.

If this is true—and if feeblemindedness is a problem of character rather than of intellect, then a certification order which, after the first two years, is reviewed only at five-yearly intervals is a form of injustice quite unknown in other spheres in this country. The fault does not lie with magistrates or psychiatrists whose integrity is not in dispute. It lies with the time lag between the developments of science and their reflection in law reform. The good-time girl is only one among many others who should benefit by the change in our laws which will no doubt follow the publication of the report of the Royal Commission on Mental Treatment and Deficiency.

MARY STUART

MR. TAYLOR'S MARXISM

SIR,—A serious journal can seldom have published anything so extraordinary as A. J. P. Taylor's review of John Plamenatz's latest work. An understanding of Marxism in the West is important if world relations are to enter a more rational era. A. J. P. Taylor does only harm by a lengthy review, almost every sentence of which can be shown, without room for doubt, to be nonsense. A few examples may be usefully considered. Mr. Taylor writes that the class struggle "is true [*sic*] only if we accept the principle—universally assumed in the middle of the nineteenth century—that every man recognises his economic interest and pursues it. Every proletarian fights his employer . . ." and the peasants do likewise. If this were really Marx's view of the class struggle he can not have expected it to last very long. On such a theory it would be hard to explain the survival, for more than ten minutes, of regimes based on the self-interested rule of a minority. Marx cannot, surely, have been such an idiot, and the remark that this peculiar view was "universally assumed in the middle of the nineteenth century," made by a professional historian, is nearly inexplicable.

"Marx's generalisations about history can never be shown to be either true or false." Marx predicted that, under capitalism, the gap between productive and consuming power would grow, as a result of contradictions inherent in capitalist relationships. He also predicted the increasing concentration of economic and political power—a tendency he held to be ineradicable within the capitalist framework. Whatever may be thought of the validity of Marx's analysis, his conclusions can be checked against experience.

Marx "even assumed that Socialism would work without planning." Did he now? Where? Engels is known to have foreseen that, in a classless society, government over persons would give way to the administration of things, but the bizarre suggestion that a classless society would also be planless was not, to the best of my knowledge, made by either thinker.

The remark that Lenin "was not interested in where history was going" probably speaks for itself, as does the surprising earlier statement that "The natural scientist can make his laboratory produce the necessary evidence to justify his theory." How Mr. Taylor must envy the natural scientist!

Stoke-on-Trent. HENRY COLLINS

CO-OPERATORS TAKING STOCK

SIR,—The President of this year's Co-operative Congress supports his contention that the movement is not losing ground as a trading concern, by quoting an increase in turnover of 26 per cent. as against a 24 per cent. increase in turnover of all traders. One can only regard this as a deliberate attempt to obscure the issue since Mr. Twigg very well knows that the "all traders" figure includes small independent retailers as well as department stores. This pulls the final figures down to a level which the Co-operatives can just about overhaul. If, however, he compared Co-operative gains with the most important rivals, he would find less to be complacent about.

In fact over the last three years the Co-operatives have been 10, 22 and 30 per cent. behind the multiples in clothing and footwear, and in all merchandise grouped together (including food) 5, 3 and 2 per cent. Indeed in several cases the Co-operative figures have dropped below those of the Department stores, which are themselves far from modern aggressive traders.

37 Rectory Gardens, N.8 AUBREY WILSON

THE BEAVERBROOK PRESS

SIR,—Your reference to the *Daily Express* reply to the British Council falsifies the record. You pretend that, besides the fourteen complaints in the pamphlet of the Staff Association, there is ground for further complaint in the remainder of the two hundred and six reports published during the last four years by the *Daily Express*.

The fourteen complaints are themselves of no substance, as the *Express* has shown. But what are the others? This is a challenge to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to publish them. It is outrageous that a charge of this kind should be made with nothing to support it.

But, of course, the *Daily Express* is used to calumny from your journal. THE NEW STATESMAN has long conducted a vendetta against the *Express*. But that is no reason why the *Express* should be denied a fair deal. It is entitled to be treated with honesty and without false innuendoes.

A. CHRISTIANSEN
Daily Express. *Editor*

SIR,—Mr. Kingsley Martin's attack on the Beaverbrook Press in your issue of June 12 would gain, I feel, in strength if it were not composed one hundred per cent. of hatred, spite and malice. He might have influenced his readers more had he added just a dash—say, one per cent.—of objectivity.

He quotes the attack made by the staff of the British Council on the Beaverbrook Press as if every word were gospel truth, whereas in fact the *Evening Standard* printed on June 4 a full reply to every single allegation made against it.

Why does Mr. Martin ignore this reply? Because it will spoil his case? Or does he believe that those who suppress the truth are only sinful when they do not happen to be Mr. Kingsley Martin?

PERCY ELLAND
Evening Standard. *Editor*

[Critic refers to these letters in the London Diary. —ED., *N.S. & N.*]

LONDON AIRPORT

SIR,—Critic's experience of spending nearly two hours from Heathrow to Waterloo prompts the question of why is no use made of the South Electric line to Feltham—trains cover in 26 minutes slow and 22 minutes fast, a journey from within 50 yards of the Waterloo Terminal to within two or three miles of the airport. Transhipment from train to bus may be a bit of a nuisance but even without a speed up on the train service the saving would amount to nearly 50 per cent. of the normal time allowance of 80 minutes.

At five shillings a trip it would surely pay B.E.A. and B.R. (S.R.) to increase the service to 15 minutes' frequency, provide a shuttle service of buses at the Feltham end, and some kind of baggage containers that can be run from the Air Terminal on to the train and taken at least to the end of the rail journey.

56 Belsize Park, N.W.3. ANDREW CAMPBELL

PEONIES AND PIONERS

SIR,—If the "twilled brims" of Shakespeare's river were in fact banks strengthened with plaited osiers, as Mr. Le Fleming suggests in your issue of June 5, surely it is also likely that the people who did the twilling were "pioners"? Readers may remember the "old Mole" in Hamlet (I, v):—

"Canst work i' the earth so fast?
A worthy pioner!"

In an Elizabethan army the pioners were diggers and labourers, as are Pioneers in the army today, and I suppose that for them digging and pioning were much alike. Certainly if river banks were to be dyked up, pioners would have been the men for the job. Perhaps they were also called peonies (or even orchises) as a sort of euphemism, much as the late Wallace Beery, as the brigand hero of the old film *Viva Villa*, proclaimed himself a "desert pansy."

C. WALTER HODGES

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METHUEN

Summer Books Supplement

WHO LIE IN GAOL

"FREEDOM! New life! Resurrection from the dead! Glorious moment!" exclaimed Dostoevsky, when the fetters were struck off his legs after four years in a Siberian prison. These exhilarating last words from *The House of the Dead* express the universal relief of prisoners on their release from bondage, at any moment in history and in every country under the sun. Liberty, the first of the rights of man, is never more appreciated than when it has been lost and then recovered. Prison, call it by whatever softer name you like, such as Oflag, labour camp, preventive detention, or reformatory, denies this right absolutely and is just a synonym for slavery.

Civilised society, which sanctimoniously denounces slavery yet perpetuates and for ever enlarges its gaols, defends its uneasy conscience by an appeal to law and justice. Law implies some penalty for law-breaking: justice demands that evil-doers should suffer. Prison is an inhuman institution, but we cannot think of anything better. Besides—and here the itch to make the best of a bad business comes into play—while we are about it we might even convert these anti-social creatures into decent citizens. Once upon a time wild cattle, sheep and jungle fowl had to be kept in rigid confinement; and look how tame they are now! Why not catch the jungle men at large and domesticate them with a period of imprisonment? The analogy seems plausible to law-abiding folk outside prison walls. Let us ask those inside if they agree. In a thunderous chorus the convicts answer No. As a means of punishment prison can be regarded as a complete success, but as a suitable environment for changing the character of the inmates in a chosen direction—reform, in fact—it must be dubbed an utter failure.

The literature of prison is rich, wide and repetitive. We have evidence of prisoners' states of mind over several centuries and under a variety of jurisdictions; and they all tell the same story. No matter where they are confined, in Siberia or in Seville, in the Tombs at Venice in the eighteenth century or in the Tombs at New York in the twentieth, the testimony of prisoners never varies. The moment you deprive a man of his liberty you automatically relieve him of his sense of guilt. In prison he is paying off his debts to society and owes his fellow-men nothing whatever in consequence. (Nothing struck Dostoevsky more forcibly, as he surveyed the men in chains beside him, than the complete absence of remorse among those guilty of the most abominable crimes.) Without some element of regret for the error of his ways, there is no psychological leverage left with which to change his character. Men are not like dogs after all. They may be hurt—by imprisonment; or they may be helped—by re-education. But the two purposes are fundamentally at variance. Of the avowed aims of the prison system in England today, prevention of crime, deterrence and rehabilitation, the two last are flatly contradictory and would be easily recognised as such, if our society could bring itself to admit that the laws of psychology are as absolute as those of mathematics; or indeed if we paid attention to what the ex-convicts themselves never hesitate to tell us.

Political prisoners (among whom prisoners-of-war must be classed) have no sense of guilt to lose. In fact, with them the boot is on the other leg: they are liable to compensate for their sufferings by an excessive sense of righteousness. They can fulminate against their gaolers and the beastly conditions in their prisons, although quite prepared to put their political enemies in the same unpleasant situation if they ever get a chance. Their quarrel is not so much with the institution of gaol as with their own frustration while cooped up on the wrong side of the fence.

The dehumanising effects of long imprisonment are insidious and indiscriminating. The innocent, such as prisoners-of-war, suffer equally with the guilty. Two years shut up is thought to be as long as anyone can stand without loss of self-respect; and after twenty years' slavery a man may be little better than a conditioned beast, with no possibility of recovering his human character even if released. At the end of the last war, when the Stalags and the Oflags gave up their captives, a number of ex-prisoners were unable to face the shock of freedom and were induced to attend special improvised establishments where the psychiatrists plied their trade, before they could readjust themselves to a life of liberty. Those from the Army required more careful handling than those from the Navy or the Air Force for a curious reason. Sailors and airmen fell into German hands through no fault of their own; but a man fighting on land could have fought a little longer had he pleased, or even sold his life dearly rather than surrender. During the long years of brooding behind the wire this tiny grain of misgiving might fester at the back of the mind into an irrational sense of guilt. The equations of thought are often arbitrary and misleading. Prison = punishment: Punishment = atonement for crime. Ergo, I must be a criminal. What have I done?

It is only natural for prisoners to be perpetually dissatisfied with their condition, but what about their gaolers? After hundreds of years of trial and error in dealing with the problem one might expect some optimum method of confinement to have been evolved. Not a bit of it! The fatal conflict of purpose between punishment and rehabilitation attends all the efforts of prison reformers. The model prison of one generation becomes anathema to the next. In this country, after Elizabeth Fry had denounced the appalling jumble of felons in Newgate and Jeremy Bentham had demonstrated the merits of his Panopticon, the separate cell system was introduced into our prisons. Criminals were to be kept as rigorously apart as possible to prevent their contaminating each other. The logical outcome is endless solitary confinement, an abomination which obviously could not be tolerated. So prison reform went into reverse. Association (benign word) between criminals was reintroduced to enable them to derive benefit from each other's company; even team-spirit (another magic vocable) might be developed in the new congenial atmosphere. It was not long before the inmates of Dartmoor showed their appreciation of team-spirit by staging a mutiny; and association developed a distressing drift towards homosexuality. At the date of writing we are back to the old contaminations of Newgate: two or three men are sleeping in the same cell together in Wandsworth at this very moment. As a matter of interest one might ask which system do the prisoners prefer? Bakunin petitioned the Tsar from the Peter and Paul fortress, where the solitary cell was the rule, begging to be transferred from that German innovation to a "Russian" prison where he could communicate with his fellow-men. Almost simultaneously Dostoevsky was describing the unbearable company of his fellow-men in Siberia and longing for privacy and solitude at any cost. Clearly there is no pleasing the prisoners.

According to Arthur Koestler, who has sampled the model prison at Seville and the French internment camp at Le Vernet in his day, and written of both with admirable detachment, prison is not a suitable subject for literature owing to its monotony. "Each dreadful day in the very minutest detail like its brother," Oscar Wilde defined it in that ecstasy of self-pity *De Profundis*. Only the genius of Dostoevsky could make a work of art out of the soulless routine. A copy of *The House of the Dead* appears to be thoughtfully provided as standard equipment in every prison library; and in each successive generation the convicts recognise their comrades and their warders, their hardships and their hopes, their daydreams and their implacable hatred, in fact every feature of their own bitter faces, in its well-thumbed pages. When they come to write their own books they try to bring Siberia up to date with additional horrors or with details of their private miseries. Jim Phelan's *Lifer* and Wilfred Macartney's *Walls Have Mouths* supply the best inside knowledge of English prisons of recent years: they served together in Parkhurst at one time. Macartney was sentenced to 10 years in 1927 for espionage; Phelan was doing time for a stick-up job. Both represent the defiant class of prisoner, who compensate for the loss of their liberty by bravado. "From the beginning of a sentence which had wrecked my life domestically, economically and socially I had maintained towards the authorities a straightforward attitude. I considered them my enemies," wrote Macartney. This is the manly response to injury: hit back, hate and despise, escape if possible, but never submit. Gritting one's teeth and holding on to one's independence is the respectable attitude among prisoners; the cringers and those who truckle to the turnkeys are outcast and scorned. (It takes a rare philosopher like Bertrand Russell to absent his mind from his bleak cell by contemplating the higher reaches

of mathematics.) How does this unrelenting antagonism, the first article in the prison creed, tally with: "the purpose of training convicted prisoners shall be to establish in them the will to lead a good and useful life on discharge and to fit them to do so"? Unexceptional prose, but somewhat out of place addressed to the glowering figures sewing mailbags!

Jim Phelan in his novel strikes a more strident and propagandist note than Macartney's hymn of hate: he wants to take the law-abiding reader down into the prison underworld and give him hell. Amid the murk of foul language, perverted sex, futile tasks and savage "skivvings," hysteria stands ready to strike round every corner and iron enters the soul. The free code of morality is inverted by the slave-machine; the most dangerous brutes are acclaimed heroes; the "bad" warders are the sticklers for the rules, the "good" ones are those who connive with the convicts at breaking them. In this foul soil no love can grow and no redemption take root. The convicts detest each other only slightly less than the warders who control them, the police who caught them, and the society whose laws sent them there. The thieves loathe the sex offenders, the swindlers loathe the cosh boys: nobody's crime is forgiven him, except by himself.

Phelan and Macartney wrote 20 years ago. Today two new books from Maidstone prison and Iowa State Penitentiary send in a progress report on prison reform. Anthony Heckstall-Smith served an *Eighteen Months* sentence for fraud under one of our most enlightened prison governors, where re-education is in full swing. His verdict on Maidstone is, "when a young tough finds that far from being ill-treated he is allowed to smoke, has books to read, can go to the cinema once a week, can play football and darts and table tennis, he says to himself, 'This is dead easy,' and feels he has got away with it." Tom Runyon, *In for Life* at Iowa for a bank robbery murder, welcomes the new attentions paid him. "For a convict, I'm living high on the hog, and I appreciate it." All the same he would be glad to get out; and he notices that recent arrivals hate the new-fangled prison as much as he ever did the old style.

"Man is a pliable animal who gets accustomed to everything," wrote Dostoevsky. His natural adaptation to prison is hate. If he is now also learning to despise the efforts of prison reformers, crime will be as incurable as ever and prison literature just as monotonous.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Four Poems

THE SPOILS OF LOVE

When all is over and you march for home,
The spoils of war are easily disposed of:
Standards, weapons of combat, helmets, drums
May decorate a staircase or a study,
While lesser gleanings of the battlefield—
Coins, watches, wedding-rings, gold teeth and such—
Are sold anonymously for solid cash.

The spoils of love present a different case,
When all is over and you march for home:
That lock of hair, those letters and the portrait
May not be publicly displayed; nor sold;
Nor burned, nor returned (the heart being obstinate)—
Yet never trust them to a strong-room safe
For fear they burn a hole through two-foot steel.

ROBERT GRAVES

KINGS

You send an image hurrying out of doors
When you depose a king and sei e his throne:
You exile symbols when you take by force.

And even if you say the power's your own,
That you are your own hero, your own king
You will not wear the meaning of the crown.

The power a ruler has is how men bring
Their thoughts to bear upon him, how their minds
Construct the grandeur from the simple thing.

And kings prevented from their proper ends
Make a deep lack in men's imagining;
Heroes are nothing without worshipping,

Will not diminish into lovers, friends.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

DIALOGUE

"Tell us again of love and death,
Opposed, that we may picture both
Who cannot think them separate.
Death a mere empty frame we hate
And only love
At one remove:
So giddied by the turning wheel,
We need a mirror, loss, to see the loved one whole."

"Never again, since she
First breathing on the mirror hid
The macrocosmic mystery,
To leave us lost; till newly centred, grown
More partial, we should need
No other loss to prove
The wholeness of our love,
Nor any quickening discord but our own."

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

THIS AGE, THIS FAUST

Proton, neutron, electron,
Spin their dervish dances on
Through the bu'ky mastodon
And the great Napoleon,
But at last they meet, head on,
The prodigious cyclotron,
And all cannons are outdone
By the blast of bombardon.

In this age of diverse fun,
I am merely Faust, *dit-on*,
The late lamented, twelfth-hour-gone,
Sans your leave alive, *pardon*,
Of modernism the paragon,
Handyman and devil's son,
Ready with that sharp *frisson*,
Of horror mixed with belladon
—To justify the end, *bon ton*.

GEORGE REAVEY

HIGHBROWS UNASHAMED

The Bloomsbury Group. By J. K. JOHNSTONE. *Secker & Warburg.* 25*s*.

Why is there the phrase: *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*? Surely it is the living we ought to respect, not the dead? When the entire Bloomsbury Group has disappeared, then will be the time to play our unkind magnifying-glasses over it. But as things stand, too many of them are alive, and capable at any moment of kicking. We must respect the privacy of their past, not pry yet into diaries and letters, rest content with whatever they care to ration out to us. They are none too anxious to let up on their own history. A large part of their energy has been devoted to personal relationships of a most complicated kind, which they hold sacred, so they have good reason to be cagey. The clue to their public utterances may well lie in these secret lives, but we should let the lives alone for the time being to concentrate on the utterances.

This is what Mr. Johnstone, from Alberta, Canada, has sensibly done. He was not out to disclose sensational gossip, but settled down to read all the books conscientiously and with a generous heart. In fact, he goes to the opposite extreme, of treating all the characters as though they had no character at all: an hour's conversation with each in turn might have brought a dab of colour to his grey, academic canvas. But his mistake was decent. The book may lack sparkle but it is honourable and unpretentious. His interests lie chiefly in literature, so he devotes the main section of his book to studies of Forster, Strachey and Virginia Woolf, merely sketching in the politics (Leonard Woolf), the economics (Keynes), the painting (Grant), the art criticism (Fry and Bell) as a background against which to set his central figures. This is presumably the only kind of book that can be written about Bloomsbury at this stage, at any rate by a young man with literary leanings who crosses the Atlantic fresh to it. And it has its good points. The influence of G. E. Moore on the ethics of the group—a sitting catch for any alert fieldsman—is well brought out; and the outlines of the plots of Forster's major novels (if we are prepared to make the dubious assumption that potted recapitulations of this kind serve a useful purpose) are efficient. There is not much more to be said in the book's favour.

We like to imagine that the sharp transatlantic eye penetrates to the core of our culture with an assurance which we, with our bleary eyes, cannot hope to compete with, and from a Wilson or a Trilling this is indeed what we expect and get. But to apply the words "fresh approach" to Mr. Johnstone is just a polite way of saying that he has not the necessary equipment. Most of his book is taken up with exposition, not analysis, and impatiently we turn the pages in search of the comment, the summing-up—only to discover when we arrive there that he accepts uncritically whatever he has been told. It does not seem to occur to him that what happened, and what is generally supposed to have happened, may sometimes be at variance.

Let us take, for example, the concept "Bloomsbury Group." Mr. Johnstone never doubts for a moment the reality of the concept; he gives it clear definitions, calls his book after it. But did it ever amount to more than a loose association of highly gifted, self-conscious, imaginative intellectuals, with certain common aspirations, who wrote to and saw each other frequently, and learnt from each other, just as any other association of friends does? An ignorant reader of this book might suppose that "membership" involved some pooling of personality for the benefit of the common cause, like, shall we say, a political party or the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. In fact, so determined was each "member" to retain his separate status that he would even indignantly deny that there was such a thing as Bloomsbury to which he was reputed to belong. It is always the envious, and hence hostile, outsider who saddles a group of friends with a name, thus imposing on it a solidarity which

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HUTCHINSON HOUSE, LONDON, W.1

it never possessed or sought to possess; and the young historian, who never saw the group in action, falls into the trap. The word "Bloomsbury" does not, as far as I can recall, occur in the published extracts from Mrs. Woolf's diary except to denote a district of London where she happened sometimes to live. The "members" spent most of their time out of Bloomsbury, in Cambridge combination rooms or in small country-houses among other groups of friends, leading separate, ordinary lives. The Stephens and the Stracheys were always, I admit, closely linked; but is there any real justification for classifying E. M. Forster as a Bloomsbury character? He has less right, in any case, to this title than S. S. Turner, who was deeply involved in Bloomsbury from the very beginning; yet there is no mention of him anywhere in the book.

Mr. Johnstone's belief in Bloomsbury's solidarity makes him underestimate the quite different formative influences which went to make up the writers who belonged to it. Rightly, he catches echoes of Fry and Strachey in Virginia Woolf, but ignores the greater importance for her of Proust and Joyce; the French background to Strachey, without which it is impossible to understand him, is ignored. More misleading still is his belief that Bloomsbury was paving the way for a decent Socialist state. Mr. Johnstone, who is a child of the present age, has more faith in the "good society" than in the "good group," and since he also reveres Bloomsbury, it has to be represented as *bien pensant* and progressive. He is always harking on propaganda and the dissemination of ideas, but in its heyday before the first war such pre-occupations played a negligible part in Bloomsbury life. Any success that their moral and æsthetic attitudes may have had outside their own circle (not surprisingly great, considering that the circle comprised the leading thinkers and writers of the day) was incidental. They did not worry if others held different views from their own, because they knew theirs to be right; and they were perfectly satisfied so long as they lived up to their own ideals of intellectual integrity.

Even Mr. Johnstone cannot entirely ignore this wilful exclusiveness, but he is puzzled by it, and tries in his introduction to explain it conveniently away:

> They were, in a sense, "high-brows" too. Their approach to problems was intellectual. They were fastidious and highly civilised; yet their life was, no doubt, rather "Bohemian"—the one probably demanded the other. But they were not snobs. Certainly they did not wish to keep the good things of life, among which they believed the creation and appreciation of works of art to be the best, to themselves. Rather, they did a great deal to publicise and popularise art, and it is largely to them that we owe the Arts Council. . . .

Let us leave "Bohemian" aside, since the word, having passed through various phases, has now lost all precise meaning. A highbrow can only mean a man who prefers good books to bad ones. Had Mr. Johnstone realised this, there would have been nothing to apologise for, and he could have dispensed with those inverted commas, put in to help Bloomsbury over an awkward hurdle. Snobs? Here again we are up against the difficulty of definition, but I do not know by what other name (it is innocuous enough) their attitude towards Chelsea could be better described. They were quite content to keep the good things of life to themselves. With the possible exception of Roger Fry, their aim was never to publicise or popularise art. They knew what was best and said so with eloquence, until eventually others came to think the same. Mr. Johnstone can have no idea of how isolated they were. As for the theory that it is largely to them that we owe the Arts Council (a theory based, presumably, on the fact that fifteen or twenty years after Bloomsbury as a group had ceased to exist, the most distinguished economist then living, who happened once to have been a member of it, became the Arts Council's first chairman), it is entertaining to find Bloomsbury represented as a precursor of the Welfare State.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

BOOKS ABOUT PLACES

Freedom of the Parish. By GEOFFREY GRIGSON. *Phœnix House.* 21*s.*

Peakland. By CRICHTON PORTEOUS. *Hale.* 18*s.*

Rivers of East Anglia. By JAMES TURNER. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

A History of the Fens. By J. WENTWORTH DAY. *Harrap.* 15*s.*

The South Devon Coast. By S. H. BURTON. *Werner Laurie.* 16*s.*

The Curious Traveller through Lakeland. By JESSICA LOFTHOUSE. *Hale.* 18*s.*

The Spirit of Yorkshire. By J. and R. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH. *Batsford.* 18*s.*

Small Talk in Sussex. By ESTHER MEYNELL. *Hale.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Seven of these books would not, I think, hope to catch many readers who were not already interested in their line of country. They have a good start: to read about a countryside we regard as "ours" is almost as fascinating as to read our own biography. The eighth, Mr. Geoffrey Grigson's *Freedom of the Parish*, attempts something very much harder. It is to make us care about a parish we don't know as if it were our own. His book has pleased me more than any other country book of the past twenty years—almost as much as Richard Jefferies's *The Open Air*, or Llewelyn Powys's *Earth Memories*, though I read them when I was sixteen, and the ground under their feet was my own chalk, while Mr. Grigson has to confess that he never found a cowslip in Pelynt. If he couldn't, no one could, for his precisely informed passion for flowers is one of his nicest qualifications. From a boy's love for every yard of parish ground he grew up into the curiosity to discover its history and the wit to write it with a poet's mind.

> The vellum leaves are crisp and untarnished but still greasy, giving off that peculiar smell of vellum which becomes when you handle such documents the smell more than any other of ancientness or medievalism . . . To handle the book is to have hold of history for a while; yet it is not history, or so I have felt, unless, as well, you have seen and experienced the parish lands and parish waters, still existing and still flowing.

It is felt history as Jacquetta Hawkes's *A Land* was felt geology. Composing it, the writer is on the poet's tightrope, needing continuous energy of feeling, continuous control. The achievement is genuinely exciting. What is not here is agreeable, too; there is no lament for the passing of the "gracious living" of the great houses, and indeed no nostalgia for the past. Instead, we share the experience of a rural community in which smith and wheelwright and carpenter made a toy cart that lasted thirty years. Pelynt is a specially attractive parish; it deserved the genius of Mr. Grigson to make it for everyone who reads his book a country of the heart.

Mr. Crichton Porteous writes with a good deal of verve a new *Regional Book* on Peakland. Even the Swiss admire its "mist like a glaze," and half the population of the British Isles live within sixty miles of it. Full of minerals and a prey to vast reservoirs, it has had to fight to preserve itself from being "a good place spoilt." Mr. Porteous doesn't really get inside the problems of the National Park (which he mislikes) and he is rarely surprised into poetry. But he is excellent on the recent past, as in remembering the advertisement for the "startling, almost sensational, but absolutely safe insinuosities" of the Manifold Valley Light Railway—now a macadamised path. The history is snippety but delightful, and the stories from Longnor very funny indeed.

The Fens in *Rivers of East Anglia* are too much for Mr. Turner:

> The signs of incredible toil on all sides, if not the actual earthworks raised to draw the water into confined channels, then in the fields of this most fertile land, forbid thought and close down the hatches of the mind.

He is a poet, but he just fails to carry off a sustained work of art. A great many will be strongly attracted by these wanderings through Suffolk and Norfolk and the well-presented packages of history. He is an enthusiast for local writers and a great hand at birthplaces. I am disappointed by the rivers. He contemplates them but doesn't canoe or sail or bathe or tell you of their scent. Mr. Wentworth Day has been compiling his *A History of the Fens* for sixteen years—ever since Sir Richard Fairey told him to write it at a shooting party of Ambassadors and Cabinet Ministers. It is a muddle, but an endearing muddle. If you can stand "Cromwell, the Hitler of his day," you may enjoy a succession of letters, lists, diaries and quotations from other books—and all that can be remembered about decoy-ponds, Fen-Tigers, punt-gunners, the Upware republic. A book for the smoking-room.

Mr. S. H. Burton on *The South Devon Coast* is tactful, energetic, and a considerable finder of agreeable tit-bits. Paignton is a good place to look *from*, and it is just like home for the people who go there, whereas Brixham is just like Brixham. His book is about the parts the just-like-homers don't care for so much, nicely enriched with characters as diverse as Mrs. Boehm, who wrote a poem on the Sidmouth air, and Rattenbury the unlucky smuggler. *The Curious Traveller through Lakeland* is partly written in a style I don't like. Miss Lofthouse is "delighted to linger here awhile, gazing at the carpet of woodland flowers"; but she is a brave walker with the Lancastrian virtues of frank enjoyment and completeness. She will give a sense of place and of the past to thousands who would find Mr. Grigson a highbrow.

The favourite adjective of the Fairfax-Blakeboroughs is "bled-white," and applied to landowners. They quote a White Paper which found the shutting-up of country houses "a disaster comparable only to what the country suffered by the dissolution of the monasteries." The changes are certainly as far-reaching as that; but emotions will differ. Mr. Grigson does not find among his villagers any regret for the passing of paternalism or much evidence of its value. Even if the collection of great wealth should be allowed again, the great houses could not be re-established as centres of village communities; the pattern of that life has gone. *The Spirit of Yorkshire* is really interesting on small and little-known dales, and often entertaining from a riding and hunting point of view.

Small Talk in Sussex is an unpretentious title for a book that has a good deal more in it than the pleasant pieces which Miss Meynell says she could not accommodate in her larger *Sussex*. Like some of the other books, it is difficult to review in that it is certainly written from a state of sensitive awareness after much contemplation and enjoyment, much intense feeling for *this* place, and, for that matter, much reading of the excellent sources of local history which have been published in the past fifty years. But it communicates with me through the veil of knowing that other people will be moved by it, and not greatly liking it myself. Miss Meynell is in favour of the best poetry, is something of a mystic, and such a very nice person, it seems a shame to say so.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

BRING ON THE BOUQUETS

Melodrama. By M. WILLSON DISHER. *Rockliff.* 25*s.*

Bring On the Girls. By P. G. WODEHOUSE and GUY BOLTON. *Herbert Jenkins.* 16*s.*

Comedy Films. By JOHN MONTGOMERY. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s.*

Curtain Call for the Guv'nor. By URSULA BLOOM. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

Echoes. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. *Chatto & Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Those interested in theatrical history of the more esoteric kind (as merrily maniac a crew as the Wisdenites and Bradshavians) can hardly complain of poor documentation. *Recherché* books tell us, in bated-breath prose, of the *succès d'estime* of today and yesteryear:

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In his Inaugural Lecture as Professor of English in the University of Bristol, Mr. Knights examines Shakespeare's handling of political themes and shows how the study of literature can properly lead to the study of society and the ideas men live by. 2*s* 6*d*

Chatto & Windus

Against Yurka Slutopolski's exciting *décor*, faultlessly lit by Glubbo, Irène Porter-Chambers was at her most dazzling. Smutti's mimed prologue, to Aisselle's *Galoche* suite, was perfection. "U wasszza vrrmmm Chambers" was the universal *on dit* that night in the *coulisses* at the Bortsch.

Determinedly modest autobiographies inform us of the *succès de box-office* ("Our little piece seemed to catch the public fancy"), and there are a devoted few who parade for us the *succès de total failure*, reading faded manuscripts in dozens to conjure up the *première* (barely gala) of *The Crippled Hangman's Daughter* at the old Wapping Playhouse in 1862. In this, and every, connection, *vive* W. Macqueen-Pope.

Vive also M. Willson Disher, whose *Melodrama* is a sparkling addition to his theatrical histories. It covers the last hundred years, and the illustrations, needless to say from the Mander-Mitchenson Collection, are stunning. We can admire Mrs. Bancroft engaged in espionage as the Comtesse Zicka, the stock poster for *East Lynne* (with Lady Isabel suffering in no fewer than three positions), Wilson Barrett as a slightly pastryphil King Alfred, an Adelphi ice-floe (complete with abandoned family), Josephine of *A Royal Divorce* announcing dramatically to a dumpy Boney "Here at thy feet I throw the diadem I may not wear on sufferance," and Constance Collier drugging a pawnbroker at Drury Lane in 1907. Current theatrical offerings seem pallid by contrast, and the line drawings go even further than the photographs. How unhealthily fond the Victorians were of people taking desperate headers from bridges: on view in *London By Night* is a lady descending in an inexpert swallow-dive from Waterloo Bridge, while Harold Armytage (of Armytage Hall) is seen hurtling, in *The Lights O' London*, into the Regent's Park canal (another belly-flop, as we used to say). A final photographic *bonne bouche* shows the author of *Young England* gazing, rapt, at his unconventional piece from a box. The play certainly contained Jabez Hawk and Scoutmaster Ravenscroft, and there was a Duchess, but how accurate is one's memory of the line "Well, I must be off to see to my girl's water"?

"Writing musical comedies is like eating salted almonds—you can always manage one more." The authors of *Bring On the Girls* did indeed manage a great many between them. At one time they had five productions running simultaneously on Broadway, though not all were successes: "*The Rose of China* . . . was the sort of piece where the eyes of the audience keep wandering to that cheering notice at the top of the programme 'This theatre can be emptied in three minutes'." In this unreal world, Mr. Wodehouse's humour is enormously at home. Proper tribute is paid to the chorus girls (among them, Pansy LeBoeuf, Pickles St. Clair and Dawn O'Day): "a hundred shows have been pushed by them over the thin line which divides the floperoo from the socko." The authors created musical comedies of the kind which *The Boy Friend* so enchantingly resuscitates (*Kissing Time*, *Oh, Kay*, and *Anything Goes* were theirs) and, though most of them ran well enough, all standards have since been knocked sideways by *Oklahoma!* (1,543 performances in London, and 2,248 in New York): "today a musical comedy which runs less than five years is presumed to have had some structural weakness in it."

John Montgomery's *Comedy Films* is a history of celluloid side-splitters, highly informative and interesting and, for the middle-aged, almost unbearably nostalgic. John Bunny, Laura La Plante, Chester Conklin, Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, Buster Keaton, Larry Semon—and we are back on the dusty red plush *fauteuils* with the well-loved faces aflicker before us and a public-spirited lady tirelessly active upon the upright. The performers' names are more firmly fixed in memory's treasure-box than those of the films they graced; Mr. Montgomery's devoted researches have thrown up the following enigmas: *Oh! That Terrible Odour, Lost In a Folding Bed, He Did Not know He Was a Monk, Annie! Leave the Room!, The Electric Horse, The Balancing Blue-Bottle, Percy Wanted a Moustache*, and what must be the world's longest title in any field, *Scroggins Goes In For Chemistry and Discovers a Marvellous Powder*. Dotted about the excellent text are fascinating illustrations—Mabel Normand being chained to a railway-track while Ford Sterling threatens her with a sledge-hammer, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew being funny at breakfast, Harold Lloyd balancing on a sun-blind forty floors up, the Keystone Cops (why was squinting thought so comical?), and several of the little baggy-trousered genius of the century.

In *Curtain Call for the Guv'nor*, the Guv'nor is George Edwardes and the curtains concerned are principally those at the Gaiety and Daly's. It is a success story—*The Quaker Girl*, *San Toy*, *The Merry Widow*—but somehow not very interesting. As a private individual, George Edwardes was pleasant but uninspiring, and his public triumphs we know already. However, sharp as he was in sensing hidden talent ("I think the little girl's got something"), it is surprising that he was not always so astute about plays, turning down *La Poupée* and *The Belle of New York* (he could have had it for £300) and failing to see the point of *Peter Pan* ("a lot of nonsense if you ask me, and best forgotten").

Sir Compton Mackenzie's book contains twenty-eight of his broadcast talks. They are reminiscences of a life richer than the best plum-pudding and far more digestible. We range from Henry James to gelatine lozenges, from pirate buses to the Empress of Austria, from Knightsbridge to the Loch Ness Monster (the Kaiser inquired, in the best Consequences manner, about its authenticity). Understandably from a grandson of a Lyceum manager, there is much interesting recollection of Ellen Terry, and also of Drury Lane pantomimes, from one of which his Nanny, athirst for her gin bottle, remorselessly dragged her sobbing charge just as Letty Lind was arriving at the Ball.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

CRICKET BOOKS

The Ashes Crown the Year. By J. H. FINGLETON. *Collins.* 16*s*.

West Indian Adventure. By E. W. SWANTON. *Museum Press.* 9*s*. 6*d*.

Cricket Cauldron. By ALEX BANNISTER. *Stanley Paul.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

Gods or Flannelled Fools. By KEITH MILLER and R. S. WHITINGTON. *Macdonald.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

Playing to Win. By TREVOR BAILEY. *Hutchinson.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

Flying Stumps. By RAY LINDWALL. *Stanley Paul.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

Cricket Musketeer. By FREDDIE BROWN. *Kaye.* 15*s*.

Lancashire County Cricket. By A. W. LEDBROOKE. *Phœnix House.* 25*s*.

Cricket has always been the game most closely associated with literature, though much "fine" writing about it has been both boring and inaccurate. Nevertheless, now that it is no longer being produced, its virtues hurry back into focus. Good writing about cricket needs three basic requirements: adequate technical knowledge and playing experience, a prose style that, while visibly existing as a style, being astringent as well as vivid, can also be easily manipulated; and time to think in sentences. Conditions in most press boxes, apart from the differing requirements of newspapers, make the latter virtually impossible. Editors of popular dailies, moreover, seem—if we are to believe their sports correspondents—to demand "angles" and "incidents," not sober coverage of facts, nor analyses of styles or tactics. In addition, as far as cricket books are concerned, they tend to become a race against time and one another: if fifteen books appear about a particular Test series, those that will sell best are likely to be the first. The

current practice therefore is for the writer to send them off to the publisher bit by bit as he goes along and, if he is writing from abroad, get someone else to put the pieces together. This usually results in very bad bookmaking.

Mr. Fingleton's *The Ashes Crown the Year* is an exception, though it was written in diary form and presumably from day to day. As its hideous title suggests, it deals with the Australian visit to England last summer. Mr. Fingleton, however, drove about England in his car and took in a lot of things besides cricket. His method is Pepysian: "Sydney, Saturday, March 14: Up, betimes, and by motor-coach to Pyrmont; there to catch the water-coach to London . . ." He ranges from cricket to manners, from history to Test Match accounts, from shrewd technical analysis to the beauties of English landscape. And his book is full of characters and stories, incidents in the genuine, not sensational sense. It is firmly written, in close, controlled prose; it will bear re-reading, and that alone places it out of reach of all but two or three among the hundreds of already pulped effusions. But Mr. Fingleton took his time revising: these Tests were nine months old when his book appeared. A dozen versions had been published almost before the bails were off in the last Test. The point is, of course, that he was the only one who could afford to wait. I hope economics justify the experiment, for players themselves decry the lack of just this sort of book.

Sometimes there are so many "ghosts" in the press box that it is almost impossible to distinguish astral from real bodies. Nothing could be less astral than Mr. Swanton, however, and *West Indian Adventure* could almost certainly be sub-titled "All My Own Work," a rare claim in itself. This consists largely of his quite admirable accounts written for the *Daily Telegraph* during the past M.C.C. tour of the West Indies, with a preface. It was a fantastic tour in every way, but Swanton's reports are wise and thorough, and his comments always to the point. He is the best daily commentator in an exacting profession, which he practises with dignity.

Just how fantastic this M.C.C Caribbean visit was appears from Mr. Bannister's *Cricket Cauldron*. I recommend this book to anyone who wants to know what Test cricket can be like. It is a horrifying picture of disputed decisions, exaggerated "incidents," imagined personal slights, and brutal intimidation of umpires. Mr. Bannister seems to me to do very well by his readers and I think he has written a fascinating book. Unfortunately, the press as such alone develop incidents and, whether they deplore them or not, repetition of every absurd exchange of remarks ultimately merely emphasises them. That is the real problem of the honest journalist who is aware of the effect of what he writes. Reporting the facts is not as simple as it seems.

Gods or Flannelled Fools, though nominally Keith Miller is co-author, seems mostly to be by R. S. Whitington. It devotes a good deal of space to attacking the Australian Board of Control, and the accounts of Test matches have been better done elsewhere. Mr. Whitington is a good journalist, but this is not the happiest of his productions.

The three books by Mr. Bailey, Mr. Lindwall and Mr. Freddie Brown are fair specimens of their type. Lindwall's especially being of great technical interest. All deal in one way or another with last summer's cricket, and to read eight or nine accounts of the same proceedings is a dispiriting business. Mr. Brown's literary style is as unconventional as his batting, but much less successful.

Mr. Ledbrooke's *Lancashire County Cricket* is the official history primarily written for members of the club. It is competently done, handsomely produced and affecting in its bare mention of names—Maclaren, Briggs, Spooner, the Tyldesleys and Hornbys, Brearley, Makepeace and Parkin. In cricket, as in much else, the great names create their own poetry.

ALAN ROSS

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ANDRE DEUTSCH

NEW SCIENCE-FICTION

Fahrenheit 451. By RAY BRADBURY. *Hart-Davis.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Hole in Heaven. By F. DUBREZ FAWCETT. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Childhood's End. By ARTHUR C. CLARKE. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Twenty-Second Century. By JOHN CHRISTOPHER. *Grayson & Grayson.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Green Hills of Earth. By ROBERT A. HEINLEIN. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Fury. By HENRY KUTTNER. *Dobson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Science-fiction still arouses considerable heat. This is largely, I think, because critics wish, and try, to fit it into unsuitable categories. When this cannot be done there is often rage and even misrepresentation. A recent article in this journal quoted, as typical of a book it condemned, a passage which was actually a scene from a nightmare suffered by one of the characters. Similarly, the Moscow *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, in an attack on the *genre*, accused Mr. Malcolm Jameson of imperialist anti-Venerian sentiments on the strength of some remarks by an unsympathetic character which the author himself had explicitly condemned. Once it is realised that science-fiction is *sui generis*, legitimate criticism takes over. A science-fiction novel is no more a psychological novel gone wrong than a painting is an aborted bas-relief.

One reason for resistance to modern science-fiction among the literary intellectuals is that it makes certain demands on them which many are unable to meet. The reader is assumed to have a certain minimum knowledge of the physical and other sciences, and their possibilities. But the appreciator of literature these days has a standard in these matters equal to the tabloid press reader's knowledge of psychoanalysis. Worse—even such things as he knows, that he inhabits the surface of one of a system of spheres, for example, he knows only as a fact filed away in his intellect: imaginatively he is a flat-earther. This imbalance is both unfortunate and new; in the time of Donne, or Voltaire, or Shelley or Goethe, it would have been unthinkable.

Those who have welcomed Mr. Ray Bradbury's work seem to be mainly people out of sympathy with scientific culture, charitably seeking for something to admire amid a spate of spaceships as unwelcome to them as the tractors of the poets of the Thirties were to earlier critics. In the future anti-Utopia of *Fahrenheit 451* the duty of the fire brigade is to burn books. Radio-lulled idiocy is the main social virtue and only a few hunted outcasts preserve the old culture. But instead of the irony of *Brave New World*, or the force of *1984*, the theme depends on clever-silly ideas of plot and tricks of style and mood:

> She had a very thin face like the dial of a small clock seen faintly in a dark room in the middle of a night when you waken to see the time and see the clock telling you the hour and the minute and the second, with a white silence and a glowing, all certainty and knowing what it has to tell of the night passing swiftly on toward further darkness, but moving also toward a new sun.

If you like this sort of thing you will enjoy *Fahrenheit 451*. Some critics do, and call it poetic.

Another cause of opposition is the anti-American bugbear, showing itself, as in politics, as a morbid hybrid of a Left which blackguards everything American as imperialist, and a Right which brands everything American as vulgar. Mr. Angus Wilson, who writes an interesting introduction, believes that *Hole in Heaven* will help to make science-fiction palatable to this "conservative English reader." It is certainly very English. In a provincial world of honest doctors, warped, ambitious students, humane vicars and power-hungry newspaper owners, an alien entity, all intellect and no emotions, takes over a human body. Things warm up a bit with the discovery and hunting down of the "Nemo," but the crudity of the opposition between intellect and decency is heavy ballast all through.

In *Childhood's End* extraterrestrials (of a shape which has to be kept secret at first) take over the Earth and resolve its problems. I liked their treatment of the South African question:

> The demonstration lasted thirty minutes. It was sufficient: the next day the Government of South Africa announced that full civil rights would be restored to the White minority.

Finally the Overlords midwife the grand transformation of the human race into a transcendence which they themselves can never attain. Some of Mr. Clarke's earlier successes were less ambitious. Is his new breadth a virtue? So far it is difficult to say. But at worst this is a fine effort.

Mr. Christopher, like Mr. Clarke, is an English writer. The first and last sections of his collection, *The Twenty-Second Century*, take themselves a little seriously. Civilisation cannot collapse, or be saved, without Chestertonian moralising. There is even a priest who condemns blasphemy "briskly." But the central and largest portion are workmanlike tales of traditional type, on the implications of meetings with alien species and of travel in space and time—as when a modern government contrives to obtain a blueprint of the decisive weapon of the future, only to find that it is the crossbow.

> It is a long climb to the Jovian planetoids; a Hawk-class clunker had to blast for three watches before going into free flight. Rhysling had the second watch. Damping was done by hand then, with a multiplying vernier and a danger gauge. When the gauge showed red, he tried to correct it—no luck.
>
> Jetmen don't wait; that's why they're jetmen. He slapped the emergency disc over and fished at the hot stuff with the tongs.

And off we go with Mr. Robert Heinlein, long known as the writer most at home with the techniques and background of the coming era of interplanetary travel, into "deep space"—a typically felicitous term for anywhere beyond the Moon. The simple and homely stories in *The Green Hills of Earth*, indistinguished as they are, have an exciting authenticity.

Fury deals with a human society driven from atomised Earth to Venus, unable to cope with the vicious flora and fauna, and gradually decaying in submarine "Domes." A power-hungry crook, in a story full of movement and suspense, is the instrument which finally forces mankind to the surface and survival. Not Kuttner at his most *recherché*, but good for anybody's train journey.

In his introduction to *Hole in Heaven* Mr. Angus Wilson allows that imagination, narrative, suspense and poetry are to be found in science-fiction, and that they are often sufficient to command admiration, but he speaks of absence of characterisation as a defect. But science-fiction is a broad field. It can be fable, Utopia, prophecy or *jeu d'esprit*, simple or scholarly, serious or slapstick. In many of its types, character is as irrelevant to success as it is in such a masterpiece as *The Castle*. There may indeed be character, too. But the emphasis is no longer upon the details of its spontaneous movement in its given parish, but upon the effect on it of changes in what are usually treated as constants in the cultural circumstances, but which are really variables.

Science-fiction turns the attention outwards, extends the consciousness into the contexts of possibility, into the universe and the future. The mere technical details of a future culture are fascinating, and interesting stories are written which are little more than vehicles for their display. But in much, and perhaps the best science-fiction, the spaceships and so on are merely the natural background of future civilisation, and the main effort is in the bringing to life of problems already hinted at by anthropologists, sociologists and psychologists—the illustration of conceivable or probable changes in the cultural structure. We may not find enough of this quality in these particular books, but at its best, science-fiction can provide the extraverted literature needed to complement the introversion into which the novel of personality takes us. The muscles of the imagination need more than one sort of exercise.

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MACDONALD

your caution." He gives basic information about each European country, and adds appendices of phrases, weights and measures, prices, etc.

Your Holiday in Europe follows a similar plan, on a larger scale, and with rather more enterprise and exhortation. The authors are particularly helpful about horseback tours: "Give your beast a good feed each morning before you start, and again in the evening." They produce a concentrated catalogue of "the best of everything," which includes spas, cycling, night life, pilgrimages and retreats. Although Mr. Cooper is fearful of destroying the attractive obscurity of his "escapist haunts," he sensibly comforts himself that "it is only the rare reader who follows my recommendations." His books on *Germany* and *Spain and Portugal* are similarly stimulating in general ideas; but his accounts of particular places are more personal than informative.

"The Fortnight Holiday Series" is slighter and even more chattily designed for the "thrift traveller" making his armchair choice. The only clear advice on travel technique is to go to a good agent and follow Mr. Bransby's example—"you too should lodge a complaint if not satisfied." Mr. Bransby's highest praise is for the Rhineland, for there "we can still 'misbehave' most gloriously"; he is a little more decorous in the Black Forest, where "Dame Nature gives of her best without demanding any financial reward," and we may go tramping from one "abode of bliss" to another. Mr. Cooper lauds more sober delights: in Madeira there are fine taxi excursions, provided you fix the fare beforehand, and you can secure a cup of real tea even at 4 a.m. Apart from those happily ministering to his needs ("when in any way dissatisfied with the service, I have not the slightest compunction in withholding a tip"), Mr. Cooper finds the islanders unattractive: "not in any way joyous in song and dance."

Messrs. Playfair and FitzGibbon seem to share this view of the function of natives, for the chief disappointment of *The Little Tour* was the lack of independent sparkle among the citizens of Andorra, Monaco, Liechtenstein and San Marino. The book gives an occasional light lecture on history and political institutions, spiced with bipartisan jokes, but for the most part it is filled with the incidents and talk of a jolly journey, and the mutual teasing of the collaborators.

Even the stranger who lives among the natives is limited by his acquaintances and his tastes. Mr. Elliot Paul's *Understanding the French*, for example, is largely bounded by his prejudices and his favourite bistro; he hates Catholics, psychiatrists, and Pernod; he refuses to believe in French Communism, since its existence would be contrary to the character of the country—"that dear abstract mother of us all"; he is resolutely humorous about *l'amour* ("going through a manly routine" to Mr. Paul). He is at his best when telling his stories of the struggling lives of French people; he is at his worst when he "strays into the realms of the mind" and explains how "*The Red and the Black* tops the fiction list."

Mr. Paul's virile adoration of the French cuts a gaudy figure beside Miss Zilliacus's sane affection for the Swedes. She is awed and amused by their conventionality; she is delighted by their friendliness and cleanliness; she is a little troubled by their sexual habits (as well she might be, after explaining how easy it is to charm one's way past difficulties if one is "youngish and feminine"). The mixture of tips for tourists with glimpses of her own life is not altogether happy. We need either more of No. 7 tram, or more of Miss Zilliacus. I vote for Miss Zilliacus.

CHRISTOPHER BENNETT

THREE WAYS ON MOUNTAINS

The Ascent of Yerupaja. By JOHN SACK. *Herbert Jenkins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Alone to Everest. By EARL DENMAN. *Collins.* 16*s.*

High Mountains. By CHARLES MEADE. *Harvill.* 15*s.*

Young American climbers of today hop off to Alaska or the Andes as readily as to the Rockies or the Alps. A group of college friends will organise an expedition, give it an earnest-sounding name to attract free gifts of food and equipment, sign up if possible for a series of articles to pay for the rest, charter an aircraft, and fly off to Mount McKinley or Yerupaja. The latter is a mountain in Peru, 21,769 feet high, and in 1950 six young men—in fact, the Harvard Andean Expedition, "a deceptive title calculated to seduce editors, delude customs officials, and win the hearts of generous food-purveyors"—decided to spend their summer vacation climbing it. Two of them got up at the third attempt, spent a night in a snow-hole, were badly frostbitten, and within a week were back in hospital at Lima after heroic transport efforts on the part of friends, Indians, mules, and the local taxi-drivers.

The story is told by a journalist who was signed on to the expedition in the hope that his reports would bring in money (they did, but only sixty-three dollars). No climber himself, Mr. Sack is determined at all costs to be brisk, down-to-earth, a plain man trying to make things clear to all the other plain men whom he frequently addresses directly ("Now the fact is, reader, you haven't the vaguest idea of what a glacier is like."). Some of his explanations, as of the use of the rope, seem rather calculated to tie the plain man up in knots. Disproportionate space goes to the minor incidents of the approach, the humours of base-camp life, in which Mr. Sack shared; for events on the mountain he has had to depend on what the others told him. When he sticks close to their reports, the action comes through vividly; there is a striking account of the final climb, up a steep ice-face and then along the bottom of a crevasse just under the summit ridge. But elsewhere the sense of these wild and startling mountains is lost in Mr. Sack's determinedly breezy style ("Our Signal Corps radio had shuffled off its mortal coil."). The action deserved a more sensitive chronicle.

Mr. Denman, who early noticed in himself "the far-away look of a dreamer," spent a leave from the Sudan in the Ruwenzori range, and there conceived the ambition of being the first to climb the eight Virunga mountains on the borders of Uganda and the Belgian Congo. Climbing barefoot for preference, and making free use of a chest-expander (he finds an ice-axe "a terrible burden"), he got his eight tops; but "they were not sufficient in themselves for the real truth, the ultimate peace, the greater wisdom." Only Everest would do for that; so, with the splendid mad simplicity of the infant Teresa going to convert the Moors, off to Everest he went in the spring of 1947. He took a cargo-boat from Mombasa to Bombay; at Darjeeling he engaged the not-yet-famous Tensing and another Sherpa, got permission to travel in Sikkim, and signed a paper promising not to cross the frontier to the now forbidden Tibet. The chest-expander was left behind there, and so apparently was his conscience, for he made straight for the frontier. Once in Tibet the party, to avoid being challenged and sent back, had to follow a circuitous route to the Rongbuk Monastery, traditional base-camp site of the pre-war expeditions. After this Mr. Denman's narrative is not very clear, and there are some inconsistencies; I cannot make out if he reached the North Col or, more likely, only the lower slopes leading up to it. There cold, wind, exhaustion, lack of food and any kind of reserves, forced the inevitable retreat.

It is impossible, as we read these chapters, not to marvel at the maniac resolution that got Mr. Denman so far, and so quickly, through Tibet—fifty-three days from Bulawayo to the Rongbuk Glacier! But then something less likeable obtrudes: the monstrous megalomania which makes cosmic generalisations out of his own highly personal reactions, which asserts that because he, scorning experience and various material aids, failed to succeed and so mark the triumph of mind over matter, therefore matter has the last word. I should say it was not Mr. Denman's material equipment that was at fault so much as his spirit. Humility to profit from the experience of other people, imagination to understand what Everest might mean to other climbers—these might not have got him nearer to the top, but they would have kept his really remarkable journey from turning sour on him, so that he wished for the failure of last year's expedition, and now regards mountains as "symbols of a decaying faith."

> Often on the way back and in later years I wondered if it would not have been better to die on Everest. Was I so weak that I could not give my life, or so regardless of posterity that I would not? . . . If there has ever been a worse journey, then who has undertaken it? Who, if he were mortal, *could* undertake it?

Such personal obsession as Mr. Denman's would be as out of place on Mr. Meade's mountains as a chest-expander. In his earlier *Approach to the Hills* Mr. Meade recorded his long Alpine career, his Himalayan pioneering on Mount Kamet. Now in his new book he is concerned with mountains as the types and symbols of reality, where men of all kinds—from Hindu adept to Alpine Clubman—have experienced a feeling of unity with all creation, "an acute sense of well-being beyond the reach of logic." Taking his cue from Dean Inge's words, "the poet of nature amid the Cumberland hills, the Spanish ascetic in his cell and the Platonic philosopher in his library have been climbing the same mountain from different sides," Mr. Meade examines the attitudes of the lovers and climbers of mountains, and the states of exaltation which the most earthbound of them have acknowledged. It is the book of a sensitive and devoted lover of mountains, and it stresses once again that mountains, like life, are largely what you make them: the strenuous playground of the Harvard climbers, the setting for uncomfortable personal conflicts like Mr. Denman's, or the Pisgah-heights from which Paradise is glimpsed. To most climbers, I suspect, mountains can be all these three things at different times. And perhaps that is why we climb them.

JANET ADAM SMITH

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IN *The Adventures of Augie March**, Mr. Saul Bellow has set out to write a comic epic or picaresque novel about life in Chicago. The American scene offers rich opportunities for this genre and it is long since it has been handled with comic irony. The child of foreign-born parents seeking his fortune and his identity is a modern version of the hungry valet of the 17th and 18th centuries and Mr. Bellow is sufficiently instructed to know that, if a modern picaresque novel is to be worth writing, it probably ought to be done in a prose style which makes as definite a break with the past as the styles of the picaresque masters did. The question is, what kind of prose style? The earliest picaresque was done flamboyantly and with popular exaggeration; but Defoe wrote plainly and Fielding with the ironical sententiousness of the educated. Mr. Bellow has invented a new confection of racy, talking speech and literary marzipan which can be defended as the kind of thing a half-educated young rogue would work out for himself between the pool-room and High School. For myself, I find this style affected and arch. The prose has a monotonous sing-song cadence and, for whole chapters at a time, can be cut up into Alexandrines; it is pungent but it is coagulated. It is a rhetoric—and sometimes no more than the rhetoric of the catalogue. Here, for example, is a description of Chicago:

> We went through Gary and Hammond that day on a trailer from Flint, by docks and dumps of sulphur and coal, and flames seen by their heat, not light, in the space of noon air among the black, huge Pasiphaë cows and other columnar animals, headless, rolling a rust of smoke and connected in an enormous statuary of hearths and mills—here and there an old boiler or a hill of cinders in the bulrush spawning holes of frogs. If you've seen a winter London open thundering mouth in its awful last minutes of river light or have come with cold clanks from the Alps into Torino in December white steam then you've known the greatness of place. Thirty crowded miles on oil-spotted road, where the furnace, gas and machine volcanoes cooked the Empedocles fundamentals into pig iron, girders and rails; another ten miles of loose city, five of tight—the tenements—and we got off the trailer not far from the Loop and went into Thompsons for a stew and a spaghetti, near the Detective Bureau, and in the midst of the morse distributors posters.

That is a self-intoxicating style. The travel-snobbery belongs to advertising copy. The reader is dealing with a stationary drunk and one wavers between the reiterative boredom which drunks inflict and impatience for their occasional brilliant moments. Bad, clever "goo" like this piece of, shall we say, James Barrie exported to Chicago:

> I gave a double-take at her water-sparkling eyes and freezing, wavering, mascara-lined, goblin, earnest and disciplinarian, membraneous and yet gorgeous face, with its fairy soot of pink and that red snare of her mouth.

Good moments like the passages which describe how a young boxer ruins his manager's chances of rising in the business, by getting sea-sick on Lake Michigan on the way to the fight. Garrulous as Mr. Bellow is, he is, of course, spirited and has notable gifts of image and fantasy. The boxer is called Nails, a man "with a face like a raked garden soil in need of water."

> It was the motion and the water bursting smoothly at the bow that got him, and when we were close to the Michigan shore and its ground swell he turned death-nosed, white as a polyp, even in his deepest wrinkles. While he vomited, Dingbat supported him fiercely from the back—his boy, he'd see him through hell—and pleaded with unhideable bitterness of disappointment, "Oh, man, hold up, for Chrissakes!" But Nails went on heaving and tearing air into his chest, his hair lapping down over his cold face and land-longing eyes.

Mr. Bellow has the comic mind, "the laughing creature, forever rising up," though he grins more than he laughs. He speaks of this laughter as a sign that life, eternity and nature cannot do us down, but I would describe his grin as of the levelling-down kind. This is quite proper to picaresque literature where no one adventure has more meaning than another, and for the grimacing life Augie March is a well-chosen character. He is one of life's adoptees but cut out for success. He sells newspapers at La Salle Street station, hangs around the pool-rooms, the bars and the boxing ring, with his peculiar employer, shoots up in the world as the pet of a rich woman, goes down again to book stealing, up once more to graduation. As a reward for passing his exams, his crippled employer introduces him to a brothel. This is an excellent scene: Mr. Bellow's comic treatment is an advance on the terrible sentimental compulsion which exposes the immaturity of most American realists when they write about sex; emerging from adolescence he begins to perceive women as persons.

Personable, and silent, Augie attracts women, but what else there is in his character it would be hard to say: ambition, perhaps, an eye to the main chance. He has only one clear characteristic: he is recalcitrant. He says "No" when people try to own him, whether for love, crime or even work. He is not tough in the conventional manner of the American tough novel; he is really a neutral, the indifferent man sustained by the optimism of the society he lives in. Hunger has been the traditional spur of the picaresque hero and cunning is his means; but Augie is not moved by one or the other. He is just rolled along by the lovely restlessness of American life and has enough obstinacy to keep himself out of the industrial grooves. It is his real weakness as a portrayed human being that he has the unfair advantage of the novelist's own curiosity about human nature. He lives among swarms of people and the novel is really a collection of hundreds of shrewd, worrying thumbnail sketches of men and women engaged in small cheatings, quarrellings, schemings and journeys, and it is rather too convenient that Augie should live mainly by his observation of them; and rather monotonous—for there is more garrulity than adventure. But garrulity allied to verve has a mesmeric virtue and the talking disease has had considerable exponents from Richardson to Proust. One switches off and tunes in again to Mr. Bellow and he is inevitably on the air, good and bad together, a generous, tangy, and self-conscious mixture. One section of the novel, the part which describes his departure with a rich divorcée to Mexico where she takes her pet eagle to hunt lizards, is a distinct decline from the novelist's Chicago pages—indeed, here he is comic without knowing it. Mexico for Mr. Bellow is what Africa was for Mr. Hemingway. One has no confidence in the wretched eagle as a symbol and one begins to think the whole poetic side of Mr. Bellow's equipment as a writer is artifice and pretence. The fact is that whenever he is writing in a plain manner about people he is shrewd, sharp and original; but when he starts analysing, explaining, discoursing and glamorising, he is "hamming up" his subject.

The Adventures of Augie March is one more attempt to write "the great American novel." It is moved by that emotion of nostalgia which is basic in American literature. The book is wonderfully crowded, sentimental—not always in the bad sense—and shows a greed for the externals of life and the surface of human feeling. If one compares Mr. Bellow's attempt with a not so vastly different English novel, Joyce Cary's *The Horse's Mouth*, one sees how much more selective the English writer is and how much more festively inventive of incident and character. Mr. Bellow thickens into mere reminiscence beside him. But in Mr. Cary there is and can be no element to compare with that sense of the American phenomenon which Mr. Bellow and so many American novelists have. It is not always an æsthetic advantage, indeed, often the reverse, but it gives the American novelist an initial fever and a dramatic advantage, even if it makes his material seem more important than it may really be. The lack of such a sense of there being anything phenomenal, dramatic or generally moving about Glasgow or Birmingham has turned English novelists away from the appetite for environment and the greed for human nature. To their loss.

And since the English scene is without fever, an English novelist of American adoption like Mr. Isherwood denatures America when he writes about it, and is reduced to pert and superficial satire of the easy subjects—the Hollywood party, the awful good-time wife—or to a sort of good-will mission tone which comes out, in *The World in the Evening*†, in an account of the prosaic charm of the Quakers in the city of Philadelphia.

The fashionable homosexual theme appears in Sunday suit, and introduces that note of fair-minded worry which has been the making of Mrs. Dale's Diary. It is a calamity. The strange thing is that, of all our novelists, Mr. Isherwood has thrived on the foreign scene. *The World in the Evening* is simply the Berlin stories, re-sown in America and coming up as a poor thin crop of lowered vitality. Since Mr. Isherwood is a clever man and an ingenious story-teller, he is not negligible; but I did not for a moment believe in his lapsed and worried Quaker or his two dreary wives and his hysterical boy-friend. There remain only a descriptive talent and a few witty aphorisms.

V. S. PRITCHETT

* *The Adventures of Augie March*. By SAUL BELLOW. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 15*s*.

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To be the hero or victim of a *cause célèbre* is the surest passport to fame and immortality. Crimes and controversies live in the memory when more solid achievements are forgotten. There is always a chance that you may attract the attention of Mr. Edgar Lustgarten; and ambition nowadays could hardly go further. Warren Hastings provided the most famous political case in our history—impeached by Burke and Sheridan before the House of Lords, indicted by Macaulay in one of his most famous essays, defended thereafter by some of the most experienced Indian administrators. Detachment, indifference, are almost impossible. If Warren Hastings was not a great criminal, then he was the founder of our Indian Empire—a transitory affair as things have turned out, but great while it lasted.

Professor Feiling presents himself as biographer, not as defender. His work is of extreme subtlety, art of the highest form concealed beneath a rough exterior. Warren Hastings fills the centre of the picture, with his own words holding the narrative together. The complications of British politics in the eighteenth century and of the Indian scene come to us through Hastings's eyes. There is no attempt to smooth them out or to explain them away.

Some historians achieve their effect by making events simpler than they were in reality. Though this is no doubt misleading, it makes the book easy to read, and we put it down feeling—quite wrongly—that we understand things better than we did before. Mr. Feiling will have none of this. He piles on the confusion; and if we are in a state of bewilderment at the end, that is because real life is a bewildering affair. It is possible to follow the early life of Hastings as a schoolboy or an Indian cadet with some understanding. But when he becomes Governor-General, we are overwhelmed, as he was, by the personal rivalries, the decaying tangles of the Mogul empire, and the ignorant interference of the East India Company and the British Government from London. It is almost impossible to resist the conclusion that Warren Hastings had no idea half the time what he was up to. Somehow he pulled through and left the framework of a great imperial structure. Then he was set on by a swarm of party-hacks, who tried to pull him down for reasons of their own; and the great man ended his life embittered and impoverished, a martyr of our political system. This book is not a defence against the charges made at the impeachment. It is rather an argument that the impeachment was an irrelevant impertinence, betraying only a gigantic ignorance of the real issue at stake in India. This issue was not the rule of English law or the operation of moral principles; it was the establishment of a peaceful order, in which India could at last begin to prosper.

This line is more telling than any technical defence, the more telling in these days when peace and order seem beyond our reach. Who cares for principles if we can have a little quiet? Besides, we are always being told that we should judge men by the standards of their days, not of ours; and Warren Hastings merely operated a system which he found in existence. He allowed the servants of the East India Company to make vast profits, because they had always done so; but he demanded efficiency from them, and got it. He made vast profits for himself almost by accident, but most of his wealth ran through his fingers. The squabbles at Westminster were none of his making; and someone else would have been the victim of them, if he had not been. Burke was corrupt, consciously overplaying his hand; Sheridan a mere actor, and not even convincing in his role. The impeachment was a shameful story; and only Warren Hastings comes out of it with honour or credit.

Yet was there not something deeper behind the parliamentary intrigue and the false drama of the impeachment? We can write off Francis as a self-seeker, "this evil man." We can write off Burke as a man carried away by his own eloquence and emotion. We can certainly write off Sheridan. A greater man than any of these said that the question was whether India should be governed "by those laws which are to be found in Europe, Africa, and Asia—that are found amongst all mankind, those principles of equity and humanity, implanted in our hearts, which have their existence in the feelings of mankind that are capable of judging." Was not this nobler than the claim of Warren Hastings that he had always been a faithful servant of the East India Company? He said at the end of his life: "My latest prayers shall be offered for their service"—loyal and worthy sentiments no doubt. Set against them the judgment of Charles James Fox, and doubts begin to creep in. But his is unfashionable doctrine. We are all for steady firm administrators, and the current of the times is running hard for Mr. Feiling. The great Whigs are disregarded; and the Tories have come into their own. Morality seems an irrelevance; and Warren Hastings can be safely enshrined as a hero. Yet the Empire which he created has vanished; and its only lasting mark in history will be "the principles of equity and humanity" which it has left behind. Warren Hastings did a great work, but his greatest work was to be held accountable for what he had done.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

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The English Epic and its Background. By E. M. W. TILLYARD. *Chatto & Windus.* 25*s.*

When punch-drunk with "interpretative" (or merely intuitive) criticism and pseudo-scientific or pseudo-psychological jargon, it is healthful to retire to such works of constructive scholarship as Professor Basil Willey's *The Seventeenth Century Background* or C. S. Lewis's *The Allegory of Love* or Dr. Tillyard's *The Elizabethan World Picture*. This last, for instance, does bring the Elizabethans nearer to us by showing just how far from us they started. Its author has now done us further service by tackling the "Epic," which he refuses to equate either with the very long poem or with the "heroic" poem, but which at the same time he extends to include such unexpected works as the *Histories* of Herodotus, Sidney's *Arcadia*, and Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. His whole book, as he says himself, is a protest against "the extraordinary fallacy that inspiration and the exercise of the conscious will are incompatible." Hear! Hear! But when he begins by lamenting that "the long poem itself is out of favour" he seems not to have noticed the renewed interest in long poems indicated by the successful recent broadcasts of such works as *Paradise Lost*, the *Aeneid*, *The Canterbury Tales*, and *The Faerie Queene*.

Starting, as he explains, by the inductive method, he attempts to define the epic and finds that the work he admits as such share four essentials: first, "high quality" and "high seriousness"; second, "amplitude" (implying both bulk and variety); third, organisation (which involves an exceptional "effort of the will"—hence his exclusion of *Don Quixote*); and fourth, a "choric" quality.

This last implies "that behind the epic author is a big multitude of men of whose most serious convictions and dear habits he is the mouthpiece." Which explains why, by Wordsworth's time, an epic was practically impossible, because from then on "any great work of literature . . . was forced to be in some degree specialist." As Dr. Tillyard says (he rightly instances *Middlemarch*), the novel took over some of the functions of the epic—but inevitably not all of them. As a result of this, the few great epics of the world must excite in us a special kind of admiration, more nostalgic or envious than that which we accord to the drama or the lyrics of the past. And those few great writers themselves—what luck they needed even to begin their epics. Events under the Commonwealth robbed Milton of his Arthuriad; a few more decades would have robbed him of Adam and Eve. As for Gibbon, Dr. Tillyard says, he was an anachronism, who managed to ignore "the newer trends of thought."

This book covers an enormous amount of ground, its aim being "to make connections between works not usually related." While some of these connections may seem a little forced or arbitrary, others are most suggestive and helpful; as when it is claimed that Shakespeare, in his Histories, stands to the Tudors and England as Virgil stood to Augustus and Rome. And it is surprising, but interesting, to find Malory grouped with Thucydides and both of them excluded from the field of epic for the reason that their "quality is not epic at all but tragic." Of the seven English works on which Dr. Tillyard centres his attention, he has persuaded me to re-read *The Holy War*, though not, I am afraid, to re-attempt Sidney's *Arcadia*. He is very good on Spenser, backing up C. S. Lewis in insisting on his strength and variety and rebutting the absurd assumptions about Spenser which many people today, who could learn so much from him, have lazily taken over from the nineteenth century. His remark on Spenser's language is most perceptive—"The process resembles the incoming tide on a stretch of level sand"—and he is also right about the structure of *The Faerie Queene* in maintaining that its different sections are intended as "component parts of a loose though genuine federation." Lastly, he gives excellent advice to Spenser's readers in recommending to them "a kind of sustained tact, a tact of knowing when to press the allegory, when to abandon it, and when to allow it to count for not too much without losing sight of it altogether."

Tact, I would say, is a characteristic of Dr. Tillyard himself. He begins by establishing his yardstick and with this he walks around his subjects but he never slaps them down on any bed of Procrustes. While his primary interest is "the historical evolution of literature," he avoids the temptation to overdocket or streamline, to posit too pat a continuity. On the contrary, he often punctures our too-ready assumptions about the Old Masters: "we assume that Virgil's reversion to Homer and Milton's use of blank verse for the narrative were the most natural things in the world; actually they were in their day very daring innovations." And he pays a due tribute to works which stand more or less aloof, such as the *Song of Roland* and the Icelandic Sagas. As for translations, it is refreshing to find someone claiming that these should have "a durable rhetoric." If the original poetry of our time has often been too "poetic," our translations of poetry are tending to become too everydayish. This book will not only be very useful to students; it should also prove a stimulant to writers.

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the sub-continent through the rule of law, Haileybury, and the P.W.D. During the long-drawn-out abdication of the imperial purple, the more violent and denunciatory of British rule the Nationalists became, the more apologetic and unconvincing were the British excuses for postponing their departure. The famous "rock of doom" speech of the refulgent Curzon ("our work is righteous and it shall endure") provoked scarcely an Indian murmur in reply, but to the 1930 Congress indictment ("the British Government in India has ruined India economically, politically, and culturally") the re-assertion of high-minded British intentions seemed but a milk-and-water rejoinder.

Now for the first time the spokesmen of the newly independent countries of Asia are beginning to interpret past events and present policies. Mr. Panikkar's *Asia and Western Dominance* is the first comprehensive survey of European ascendancy in the Far East by an Asian since independence, and its verdict on the British Empire in India is that it was "pretentious and vulgar, with no beauty and no soul." At the same time (unlike Marx, who saw "colonialism" as mere "looting") Mr. Panikkar is appreciative of the positive influence of the West, and he is without rancour. If, in this phase of reaction from empire, his censures are the worst that we have to expect, the days of cool, impartial reappraisal on both sides are not so distant as one might otherwise have feared.

In the meantime we in Britain are divided and confused on Asian issues. Our emotions range (upwards) from the senescent bile of clubland Philistia, through the "we must draw a line somewhere" attitude of geopolitical perplexity, to those who seek solace in judicious re-statement of the British case, and finally to the few who believe that our relations with Asia in the future must be based on a complete re-assessment of history in the light of present trends.

Mr. Wint's *The British In Asia* was first written when the decision to transfer power was being made. It was intended to maintain contact between the more thoughtful minds in Britain and newly independent Asia during the period of transition, and as a one-man "Bailey" bridge of human inter-traffic it was a notable engineering feat. The book combined an understanding of Britain's historical role with a deep sympathy with the national aspirations of India, Pakistan, Ceylon and Burma. The writer has now strengthened and extended his bridge to span the seven eventful years that have since elapsed.

When Mr. Wint is dealing with India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon, he is very much at home (his short description of Buddhism in modern practice is the best I know). The writing on these countries, moreover, is most perceptive, and the ornaments of quotation and analogy are woven into the text and not merely sewn on. But when he moves farther east I have a feeling that Mr. Wint's attunement with his subject-matter progressively diminishes, so that by the time he arrives in China he is rather like a fakir or a Dominican priest who has strayed by accident into *partibus infidelium*. Hitherto a virtual nationalist himself, he fails to recognize nationalism when it assumes a Communist guise, and he retreats behind the ill-defined ramparts of "we must draw a line somewhere" school. To Gandhi's "great anti-Machiavel," Mao is a great "counter-symbol of political worldliness." In peeping behind the Bamboo Curtain, Mr. Wint is dazzled by the sodium glare.

While *The British in Asia* is interpretative, Mr. Lumby's book fills an important gap in the documentation of Indian independence. The author was an India Office official who was on the staff of the Cabinet Mission to India in 1947. He has thus been able to produce an authoritative and indispensable record of the negotiations leading up to the transfer of power. Mr. Lumby considers that it is too early to come to definitive judgments, but feels that it is "in detail rather than principle that British policy is open to criticism."

The purpose of Mr. Harrison's *South-East Asia* is neither interpretative nor to augment the "record," but to summarise (in 268 pages) the existing historical writing on the region. The book is especially useful for the way in which it brings together the gist of the intensive research in recent years on the significant (but often nebulous) civilisations of Funan, Champa, and Srivijaya by Coedès, Quaritch Wales, Braddell, and so on. The summary of the modern colonial period, however, follows well-worn channels, and some of the judgments will not find acceptance with the newly independent countries of South-East Asia. Incidentally, the note on which Mr. Harrison concludes, namely, that of the "undoubted continued need for foreign capital and aid," is the proposition that divides the countries of the Far East.

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A Villa in Summer. By PENELOPE MORTIMER. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

School for Hope. By MICHAEL MCLAVERTY. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Tell Freedom. By PETER ABRAHAMS. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The trivial round and common task may furnish all in the line of duty, but a concentrating on them in fiction can be detrimental—see Wilde's light and deadly warning about "careless habits of accuracy." This, like one of Mrs. Poyser's inspirations "came up in my mind" as I read *A Villa in Summer* and tried to enjoy the talented comedy without being put off by the carefully impersonal representations of insufficiently interesting people and places and situations. But the incessant rattle of small emotional change proved too much for my nerves and there must be a moral in that, but where? Available evidence suggests that Miss Mortimer at her first shot has brought down a superior specimen of a modern type of domestic novel, which intelligent readers enjoy and irritable critics approve. Nice young couple still in love but harassed; nasty modernised neighbours in village (ditto) whose machinations bring couple's idyll, optimistically recuperative, to grief; crisis (nice husband's amorous aberration); crisis, happy resolution of ("she ran out of the sun towards him"). Something for laughter, something for tears, something for the library list.

Does it in fact matter losing your rarer vision, if you can produce such splendid work and so much else that so many people will be glad of? The other day I heard an old lady voice immense pride and pleasure on account of her purchase in a mass-store of a plastic cap for milk-bottles. "Everything's plastic nowadays!" she said with joy. Wearisome would it be to deny that a great many things are plastic "nowadays" including things more expensive and chic than milk-bottle caps. And would it help? If on page 28 of Miss Mortimer I read that the daughter of her modernised village's vicar is,

> . . . a heavy, unhopeful girl of eighteen in a large tweed skirt and an aertex blouse several sizes too small for her; the sight of her reminded Mrs. Carruthers suddenly of the indigestion she had suffered during the night, the headache she would almost certainly have by mid-day . . .

and if while admiring the serviceable accuracy of the picture, I nevertheless involuntarily remember *The Colonel's Daughter* and Mr. Aldington's injudicious bad temper and think what a difference that (or some different yet equally vented and *personal* impulse in Miss Mortimer) would have made—*à quoi bon?* I like a novel to give out a personal vision and therefore admire details of *A Villa in Summer*—the comedy, and a certain feeling for lightly sinister elements in character—in which such vision appears. But my nerves are bad and I fear that plastic impersonality, spread over all, may yet be fiction's donation to the forces that would convert the "century of the common man" into the paradise of the moron. Intelligence is too weak as a protection. "She was fighting something, without knowing what it was or why she was doing it." Miss Mortimer can write that and much else like it. Emotional intelligence is not less necessary—and that must be personal and must foster its personal hardihood.

A cardinal point about *School for Hope* is that it is not the work of a spiritual refugee. Mr. McLaverty is spared the impersonality of the refugee and equally his orthodoxy. His Irish village is a scene of religious certainty and social calm. A priest presides over the first, while two spinster sisters regulate the distances enjoined by the second. Nobody untunes these strings, it is not even in question that anybody will try; and this gives a consistent tone, some faint redolence as of a Golden Age with its charm and enviability and serenity innocent of irony.

Yet I cannot say that this is a far, far better thing. It is conceivable that a more powerful writer might have made it so; it is certain that Mr. McLaverty has not. He is able to represent happiness and to particularise certain kinds of continuous perceiving which feed the secreted happiness of an outwardly humdrum soul.

> Later as she watched him go down the path with this stranger, take out his knife and cut chrysanthemums and tie them with string while the stranger held them in her hands she was suddenly angry with him. "He's a silly man!" she said to herself, and lifting a dead leaf off the mat she crumpled it in her hand and put it in her apron pocket.

He can play his story, a slight and delicate love-song—village schoolmaster, pretty girl who comes from afar to teach—without one wrong or violent or sentimental note. Its impact is curious and distinct—an old-fashioned sunny room filled with the scent of dried lavender. As an experience, *School for Hope* is both genuine and agreeable. But it is faint. The sunny room vanishes like a day-dream and it is the refugees who return in all their modernity, clamouring still for our more real even if more makeshift projects.

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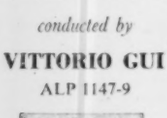

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Mr Peter Abrahams, a gifted writer from the Cape Coloured community of South Africa, has written in *Tell Freedom* the story of his youth and hard times and breakaway from the dilemma of his native land. This true story told in the first person is nevertheless truly a novel because the author sees as a novelist: the fun of boyhood and the sting of injustice overlap in episodic scenes realised in swift, simple and expressive prose. *Tell Freedom* is an engaging book without a moment of weariness; yet it is not quite successful. The fictional integument is terribly thin, and that seems to have confused Mr. Abrahams. His distinctive quality is a lyrical treating of emotion. Here, however, he applies it not only to human relations, but also to matters of social fact—comparative statistics about education and representation and data about housing and so on—which would be more at home in an official report; while at the same time the novelist in him (having rejected anger, bitterness, indignation, and whatever else is narrowing), forbids him to utter the reflections rightly belonging to such reports. He seems, as a result of this, to have rigged up a mere meagre shack of platitude ("One day, the whites would have to reckon with these people. One day . . .", etc.) to accommodate his political social outlook—a shack moreover that betrays damp patches of maudlin emotion ("Good-bye, Nondi! Poetry was dressed in filth and nobody recognised her"). The failure of integration left somewhere a bit of depression, which, however, was partly relieved by the author-narrator remarking in a conversation about South Africa: "This country does mess people up badly." Sympathy ceased then to be blocked by the intermittencies of a valuable book, capable of enormous flashes of self-awareness.

GILES ROMILLY

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

The Torrington Diaries. Edited by C. BRUYN ANDREWS and abridged by FANNY ANDREWS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 30*s.*

"I doubt not but that the men of former ages were infinitely taller, and stouter than the present race." John Byng, the retired colonel, rather irrelevantly Lord Torrington in the last weeks of his life, was one of the great nostalgics. The record of his summer tours, made between 1781 and 1794 in the intervals of "trudging every morning" to Somerset House, first came out in four volumes before the war. Miss Andrews gives him generous measure in this shortened version in one volume—almost too generous: for it takes all his quirky attractiveness to save this from becoming a catalogue of grumbles.

Byng disliked most inns and all spas, the Purbeck Hills ("detestable") and the Derbyshire moors ("horribly coarse"), the "frippery" of the Adams and the "Venetian ballroom style" of so finely Handelian a church as that at Knutsford, conifers, turnpike roads, and "universal foreign travel" (or "seeking food from macaroni, conversation from fiddlers"). He approved of brown bread, shaving in cold water, stained glass, ruins (well kept or "well constructed"), and, in agriculture, of oaks, oxen, and "high garden cultivation." He is thus, as Mr. Arthur Bryant says in his introduction to this volume, an early though imperfect romantic (those hills and moors were still too much for him); but he is also one of a long line of hankerers after a settled rural economy that stretches from Cato to the late H. J. Massingham. No farm, one feels, could be too garden-like, no chapel Gothic enough; and if you could throw in a Welsh harper at Tintern Abbey, so much the better.

The trouble is that where Cato and Massingham are precise enough Byng is not. He can denounce the enclosure movement that sends the "simple peasant" to Botany Bay or turns him into an "impudent mechanic" (liable to "demand excessive wages"); but he scarcely bothers to describe.

Aye, trade, Sir, leads to commerce; commerce leads to war; war brings on taxes; and so the whole country . . . are led into a fresh warfare with all Europe; and this island of interior happiness, must be stripp'd to the heart, whilst its true concern, the landed property, is sacrificed to roguery, false pride, and the tricks of merchandise! 'But see you not the great increase of Manchester?' Yes; I see the hearty husbandman suck'd into the gulph of sickly traffic; and whilst some towns swell into unnatural numbers, lost is the sturdy yeoman, and honest cottager!

"Hear this, ye freers of black slaves. . ." One can feel with Byng and yet wonder how he thought his remedy of two acres for every cottager, "the forgiving hand of his landlord," and "the once bountiful buttery of the manor house" would really work; how, too, he imagined the country houses and parks he admired had been built. The virtues of a peasant society are not those of *The Deserted Village*; but Byng, the townsman on holiday, does not see this or if he sees it does not tell us. The woman of Meriden, who had seen her cottage pulled down and her common rights lost—"we had our garden, our bees, our share of a flock of sheep. . . . Now all that is gone!"—is worth a hundred visions of Arcady; but mostly we get the vision and the diatribe, not the individual. So, too, with industry. Byng sees the day shift coming out of Cromford mills at 7 p.m. as the night shift goes in, the "naked leg'd boys, and impudent wenches" at Rochdale of a Sunday, even (a rare precise touch) the children "who *may* get 6d. per day" pounding stone by hand in the Duke of Devonshire's copper mine. But where they lived, how they ate, what they looked like—this he scarcely ever says. He passes through Sheffield and Rotherham and reports next to nothing. "I look not into works to be seen every day; to me castles and monasteries in decay are the daintiest speculation." Of cotton mills we hear especially that lit up against the night they look like "a first rate man of war . . . most luminously beautiful." You cannot blame him; but he is, after all, worth more as an exhibit than as an observer.

Fussy, pawky, in company eager for nothing so much as his nightgown and slippers, he is oddly endearing and modern. You can see him now, retiring to Chalfont St. Giles, writing to the papers, breaking on occasion into *This England*. . . . "When was any river made navigable that its beauties were not demolished?" There is no place like the Strand for praising the countryside, and—especially since 1750 or thereabouts—no feeling so constantly up to date as nostalgia for the good old days.

JOHN ROSSELLI

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It is not in the least surprising that writers of children's books turn for their stories to distant places or distant times. But it should never be forgotten that where one set of rules is suspended, another prevails; and the rules are not

often the same. Two interesting new books show this clearly. The first, *Big Tiger and Christian*, is an extraordinary work. It is long (550 pages) by any standards; the journey it describes is longer still—across the Mongolian desert from Peking during the civil war of the 1920s. All this strange half-empty world, with its herdsmen and monks, its soldiers and high officials, is seen by two little boys, a Chinese and a European, who are accidentally drawn into a battle episode during a kite-flying expedition, and are unable to return at once to their homes. This rich and remarkable story may well please generations of determined readers; it is fantastic but not improbable; it cannot be finished in a day; the elegant speech of its characters is a pleasure to eye and ear. The second, *Hidden Harbour*, is a pioneer tale, for rather older readers, of a family in Alaska in the early century. The two boys and a girl, growing up between water and forest, a day's journey from the nearest settlement, may be free from the restrictions of ordinary children, but they are faced with the daily battles of any human creatures in an isolated and traditionless land, unfurnished with hospitals, schools, transport, or official charts of the rock-ridden and all-important waterways. The boat with dry-rot is a disaster, but it makes the raising of a sunken vessel from a reef still more of a triumph. The restless younger brother has, with his sharp and scholarly mind, the most difficult passage in this setting. One must admire the author's deliberate, factual manner in relating these things to the varied and detailed background.

History is indeed the thing; but it is interesting to see how even on popular levels the old partisan romance has given way to a mood of appraisal and research. *Tom's Time Machine*, which is of this order, is an intelligent and imaginative book—more so, indeed, than the honest flatness of the title would suggest. "Well," says Tom's inventive father (evocatively called Mr. Dunn), "the only difference, although a very important one, between my machine and an ordinary bicycle, is that I've cut out the movement in space. I can move in time alone." But its journeys take us not into the tedium of a hypothetical future but into several occasions of a highly documented past—M. Blériot's arrival at Dover; London during the Great Fire; the Civil War. If it seems odd that the father continues to send out boy and machine alone on these perilous ventures, we must commend him for furnishing not only the correct coins and clothes (with the aid of *A History of Everyday Things in England*) but the means of acquiring a revised view of some over-familiar history. *The King's Corsair* is for boys who still care—how many now do?—for the splendid violence of the buccaneering daydream. Into his vigorous seventeenth-century tale of piracy on the high seas Monsieur Guillot brings also a stern and mysterious poetry which makes us accept without cynicism a sixteen-year-old hero who supports a family of foundlings in a dismantled frigate on the shore, captains a privateer in equatorial waters, performs an amputation after battle, sets free a cargo of slaves and at last finds the legendary treasure in the very place where the old moralists might have hidden it. *A Cage of Falcons* is a piece of straight historical fancy: time—the Wars of the Roses; hero—a shoemaker's apprentice (Roger Crispin) with a gift for painting and a temporary assignment as spy. Why did Sir Waldus Bruno wear a hair shirt *over* his suit of armour? Why did he take the road north to St. Albans when leaving for Palestine? But in spite of the narrative verve that such queries must generate, and the author's bold sense of the colour and clang of fifteenth-century London, the tale has a weakness—its failure to pass on to an unprejudiced reader any belief in the side it so arbitrarily supports. In stories of spies such a belief is essential.

Topical novels, though often more easily digestible, have (for writers with a little conscience) a harder problem in the matter of plot and event. It is *not* enough, as in certain current volumes, to arrange for a supply of uranium to be discovered under the ancestral lawns just prior to the foreclosing of the mortgage. *The Journey of Johnny Rew* has the excellent starting point of a cockney-bred wartime foundling looking for his family background. ("I got to find out and I got to know where I belong".) And since the author believes not only that heredity will out but that heredity is all, young Johnny turns south-westward the moment he has a clue, contriving by way of shepherd's hut, tavern and ancient manor to reach the Devon coast and—in a wild conclusion—home. If with its sympathetic theme and hero it fails to be a wholly sympathetic book, this may be due to a streak of that curious feudal aggressiveness about the rural background that many a child must have unconsciously resisted in the Sussex Kipling (*Pook's Hill*, for instance) and in other of the angrier south or west country champions. *The Budds of Paragon Row* is a conscientious modern attempt to give the heroic foreground as well as the minor parts to a *different* group—the people of the pre-fab, the Co-op, the Juvenile court. Mum is a char; the neighbour a dustman. Such books are not quite new in children's fiction; the Religious Tract Society once had "the poor" as its extremely effective fictional preserve: but the equivalent authors today tread so gingerly around this world and its æsthetics that they can hardly be endured. Yet here, except for a minor Fagin of a pawnbroker, the situations and characters are entirely plausible—the weak Malcolm, who turns to delinquency to compensate for his rather negative personality, being almost dismayingly so. And a pleasanter touch comes from the amateur theatricals (*Peter Pan*) which give the likeable sister Vicky her chance of a major part.

Fairy tales find their own age limit. Sometimes, as in most of those that follow, there need be no limit at all. *The Lady of the Linden Tree* comes from one of the best living contrivers of new fairy tales in the old tradition—or traditions, for the inspiration is sometimes Irish, sometimes Oriental, sometimes from medieval France, or the witch-and-forest world of Grimm. Occasionally an adult earnestness creeps in, but their characteristic feature (as in *The Almond Bough*, about a Chinese student's sacrifice) is rather that of a charm and wit which lift away any such burden. The delightful *Carrigmore Castle* tells of a derelict Irish castle brought to life by three children with the help of a swan, a hare, and above all a necromantic cat. "Always economise in magic," observes the gifted animal. "It goes a long way if you spread it thinly." And so it does, in this enchantingly practical story. Two handsome volumes, *English Fables and Fairy Stories* and *Irish Sagas and Folk-Tales*, mark the start of a promising new series of Myths and Legends. How homely, we may reflect, is the native English fairy tale where, if every village is in its way a kingdom, every kingdom is certainly a village. A queen is chosen for her skill in dumpling making and spinning—as well as for her yellow hair; Dick Whittington and Beanstalk Jack are its typical heroes. Their pleasant histories are gracefully told by James Reeves. The Irish legends have a more ancient source for their melancholy magic. These beautiful and sometimes fearful stories ring with music and battle, gods and mysteries; the sounding names of Etain, Lir, Usnach, Finn, Oisin, Grania, send their Ossianic echoes from the page.

NAOMI LEWIS

The 1954 *Auberges de France* (English edition from the Seymour Press, 15s) is nicely calculated both to assist the actual tourist to comfortable lodging, and to give the prospective traveller a foretaste of those elysiums where he can sit under trees eating "M. Renon's *good quality* concoctions" (Chateauroux) or relax on the woodwork balcony of a hotel that "screws up its eyes at the sun" (Cauterets). These "hints on the best inns, restaurants and hotels" now extend to places along the main motoring routes in the Low Countries, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Norway and Denmark.

All books are Travel Books: take these, new from TURNSTILE

"O how I long to travel back,
and tread again that ancient track."

DAVID THOMSON
The People of the Sea
12s 6d

Out of the tangled skein of Gaelic talk David Thomson draws one fascinating thread. He is concerned to learn about the seals—"the people of the sea"—and the beliefs and stories immemorially attaching to them. For this is a strangely older world, divided by a Fall, a world in which seals were once people put under a spell. It is seldom that the stranger is permitted to see behind the mask of dignity, reticence and normality which conceals and secures this disturbing world of chanceless change and dream-like identity. Mr. Thomson's approach—he is a born observer—is deceptively simple, for, in the lighted kitchens of the Gaeltacht, he has the art of sitting in the shadow. He is consumed by his subject yet he never insists or comments; he is content to elicit. He has a rare ear for the nuances of speech and can creatively afford to let his characters speak for themselves. I know few books which so ably open a window on the Gaelic scene to-day or which so faithfully reflect the mind, vigour and courtesy of its people. W. R. Rodgers in *The Observer*.

JACK COMMON
The Ampersand
10s 6d

The individual vigour and uncommon veracity of Mr. Jack Common's picture of working-class life on Tyneside a generation ago made *Kiddar's Luck*, an earlier autobiographical novel, sharply memorable. Mr. Common returns to the same scene in *The Ampersand* with no less striking and persuasive effect. The habit of mind, the talk, the experience and the implied values of experience of his working-class characters are caught from the inside with the liveliest zest and knowledge and without the slightest intrusion of self-conscious sentiment. *The Times*.

He is flamboyant, he is extravagant, he rudely interrupts the genteel murmur of modern fiction—but not so rudely that one can overlook the satirical detachment that anchors his style, or the free fantastic mind that gives it life. *The Listener*.

"Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are."

J. BRONOWSKI
The Face of Violence
9s 6d

A symbolical work on the "manifestations and motives of violence in modern society"; it was extremely effective as radio. In recollection the play has a nightmare vividness, because the author creates so cleverly an underlying fear, the result of the fundamental clash between natural disorder and the social order. What the play illustrates dramatically, the introduction examines historically. *Manchester Guardian*.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,269

Set by Hilbrian

The usual prizes are offered for a verse comment—epigrammatic or Betjemanesque—on the fact that an 1830 gasometer at Fulham has been listed as an ancient monument. Limit 16 lines. Entries by June 29.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,266

Set by Milton Shulman

Competitors are asked to compose a postcard of not more than 100 words, from a friend on holiday "wishing you were here," that makes you thankful you are still at home.

Report by Milton Shulman

Obviously England is no place for a holiday. An overwhelming majority of competitors agreed there was nothing like the thought of it to keep you at home. The range of national pleasures was exhaustive and terrifying. Holiday camps ("Ken persuaded me to enter 'Nicest Knees' competiton. Everyone says I stand a good chance!"—Henry Ansell), festivals ("Off to see Guatemalan documentaries"—R. M. Pointon), hotels ("Of course, it's Temperance, which is a help with George"—G. I. W.-S.), Scotland ("Thick salted porridge for brekker and tea with genuine peat-fire tang"—Edward A. McGaughrin), outdoor camping ("My feet are hard with going barefoot—best way to live"—Pat Bullen), vegetarians, nudists, and so on.

D. W. Barker's enthusiasm for a medieval reading-party as "the best holiday ever" was intellectually gruesome. "Sandals, beard, doublets, garters, etc., would suit your style of beauty," he wrote, encouragingly. "We're now collectively translating *Piers Plowman* into Provençal." And, as if this were not tempting enough, he added a postscript: "Tried cleaning your teeth with a bit of stick?" J. E. R. Eadington neatly ushered in an atmosphere of stifling bonhomie with "Lights out in five minutes so here goes:—End of perfect evening—semi-sacred songs, and John on the violin! Everyone terribly friendly—Christian names pinned on to help." And Joan Henry should be noted for "If the rain stops we have an impromptu masque this evening, otherwise madrigals in the den."

There was, unfortunately, a tendency to take on music-hall targets—landladies, practical jokers ("He keeps us in fits"), English food, physical jerks and, inevitably, the weather. These seldom rose above Light Programme level. Indeed, only a few of the competitors caught the authentic touch of the enthusiast oblivious to the dampening quality of his tastes. The four entries printed below did this best. A first prize of three guineas to H. J. R., and one guinea each to Stanley J. Sharpless, Ben Ellison and J. E. Wardroper. The runners-up included H. A. C. Evans, Joan Henry, D. W. Barker, J. E. R. Eadington, and C. G. Pearson.

Peace, perfect peace! The monastery is 15,000 feet above sea-level—incredible views on clear days. Some of the P.G.'s troubled with headaches and nose-bleeding because of the height. But I never felt better.

Strict monastic routine for all! No talking except for 45 minutes after morning service (4 a.m.) and then only Latin. Latin a real living language here, not the fossilised Ciceronian stuff we learned. I help a party of lay-brothers who are building a new chapel on an adjacent peak—quarrying our own stone. It is immense fun and really rewarding—and it keeps us warm.

No, they don't make liqueurs. How could they at this height?

H. J. R.

Quiet guest-house—kept by fruitarian Zoroastrians, as it happens. Go-ahead resort—making strenuous efforts at the moment to clear shore of flies and oil sludge. Spend days tramping hills with only other visitor, a retired Algebra mistress. Am taking her to the pictures tonight (held in the Nissen hut, lent on alternate Tuesdays by the Civil Defence).

Later: It turned out to be an early Clara Bow film. Agatha said on the way back she was afraid that X had always meant more in her life than sex.

Please post hot-water-bottle and *War and Peace*.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Arrived Rome after good journey from Genoa—averaged over 40 m.p.h. Bus running well and managed to touch 105 in places. Had a slight prang in Paris but no vital damage to car (touch wood): I am O.K. apart from a couple of broken ribs. Now pushing on to Naples, Brindisi and then hope to get a half day in at Venice. After that will press on to Belgrade and Athens, but must step on the gas to get back home by 29th. Food a bit grim and the foreign types ditto, but the wops marvellous with the bus. Having grand time and wish you were here.

BEN ELLISON

Did near-vertical North Face of Unchrlichefrauspitz today. Wet rock, ice-patches and strong winds made route very amusing. Interesting pitch up chimney with smooth walls and 10-ton loose chockstone. Jock led up slabs of exposed arête, where we had snack of dry Schwartzbrot—Jock had lost rest of food in chimney!! Magnificent series of thunder-clouds swept over from Zugspitz during very severe last pitch. Amusing descent in storm. Look forward to interesting ice-work tomorrow. Do hope you can come on to us from Juan-les-Pins next week.

J. E. WARDROPER

YOUR PEN CAN PAY FOR YOUR HOLIDAY

Wherever you take your holiday this year, your pen can pay the cost—and more! With paper-rationing nearing its end and travel becoming easier, more and more papers and magazines are interested in articles and stories with a holiday flavour. The mind when in fresh surroundings develops an alertness and stores up material which the trained writer can always use.

If you feel attracted to any form of writing, you should seek the School's advice. The free book "Writing for the Press" makes no extravagant promises but describes moderately the methods of the School and shows how you can enter a field that is open to all. The fees are low—advice is free from

Prospectus Office,
THE LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM,
57, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.
MUSeum 4574.

Prints and the Phoenix

At the Phoenix Gallery is London's biggest selection of Impressionists in reproduction; also prints of other schools from Botticelli to Henry Moore. Then there are the Phoenix Folios: 6 fine colour prints in each for 3 guineas—unparalled value! The catalogue tells all. Write or call.

The PHOENIX GALLERY (Dept. N1)
38 William IV Street, Charing Cross, London, W.C.2.

CHESS: Praeceptor Britanniae

No. 246.

So pompous a title was never accorded to Howard Staunton, but it might well have given him no less pleasure than Dr. Tarrasch derived from his flattering nomination as *Praeceptor Germaniae*; nor would the honour have been less well deserved. Staunton died 90 years ago almost to the day, and just a few months after Tarrasch was born.

The two men had much in common: profound erudition, prodigious literary labours and the pedantry of excessive scholarship. Both were greatly respected but not much loved by their contemporaries; both had their share of that intolerance and intellectual arrogance so often caused by physical infirmity; both were great masters very near the top, both thwarted of their burning ambition to reach the pinnacle. Even so, our debt to Staunton is prodigious. It was he who taught two generations to play chess; it was he who (in the *Illustrated London News*), started the first chess column and conducted it for 30 years; it was he who designed and gave his name to the most graceful set of chessmen ever conceived (and both the column and the chessmen are still going strong). Above is a position which Staunton (Black) reached against Horwitz in 1851, continuing

(18)		QR-Kt1	(22) P-B4?	Q x Kt!
(19) Q-B2		B-Kt5	(23) P-R3	B x BP
(20) KB x Kt		Kt-K7 ch	(24) Kt-Q2	Kt-Kt6 ch
(21) K-R1		Q x B		

and Black mated in four moves.

Here is another fairly lively game won by Staunton (Black) against Cochrane.

(1) P-K4	P-QB4	(15) KKt-Q3	B-QR2
(2) P-Q4	P x P	(16) P-KB4	Q-KR5
(3) Q x P	QKt-B3	(17) Q-KB3	P-KB4
(4) Q-Q1	P-K4	(18) P x KBP	QB x P
(5) B-QB4	Kt-KB3	(19) P-KKt4	Kt-Kt4!
(6) Kt-KB3	B-QB4	(20) Q-Kt2	Kt x KRP
(7) O-O	O-O	(21) Q-R2	Q x KtP
(8) QKt-B3	P-KR3	(22) Q-Kt2	Q-R5
(9) P-QR3	P-QR3	(23) Q-R2	P-K5
(10) B-Q5	P-Q3	(24) Kt-K1	B-Kt8
(11) B x Kt	P x B	(25) R x B	Kt-B7 ch
(12) Kt-K1	Kt-Kt5	(26) K-Kt2	B-R6 ch
(13) P-KR3	Kt-KB3	(27) resigns	
(14) K-R1	Kt-KR2		

A: Staunton's Favourite

Since an 11-mover may seem too formidable a proposition as a 4-pointer for beginners, I had better add the useful hint that, with the exception of the 2nd, 6th and 8th, every one of White's moves is a check. I do not know the problem's author, but it certainly was a favourite of Staunton's. **B**—White to win—and **C**—White to draw—are rather more modern pieces and by no means overrated with 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively.

B: H. Wiekoviak 1936

C: Selesniev 1927

Usual prizes. Entries by June 28.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 243. Set May 29

A: (1) . . . P-Kt4, (2) P x P, K-B6! etc.
B: (1) P-Q5, B-K4, (2) P-B4, B x P, (3) B-Q4, P-B3, (4) P-K5, P x P, (5) B-K3!, B-Kt6, (6) B-Kt5, P-K5, (7) B-K7, etc.
C: (1) K-Q2, Kt-B8, (2) R-QKt5 ch, K-R7, (3) R-R5 ch, K-Kt6, (4) R-KB5, B-B2, (5) R-B3 ch, K-Kt7, (6) R-B2, B-R4 ch, (7) K-K3, B-Kt3 ch, (8) K-Q2, etc.
if (5) . . . K-R5, (6) R-K3, B-B5, (7) K-K1 etc.
if (3) . . . K-Kt7, (4) R-R4, B-B2 (5) R-Kt4 ch, K any (6) R-K4, etc.
if (1) . . . B-B5 ch, (2) K x P, Kt-B6 ch, (3) K-B3, Kt x R, (4) K-K4, etc.

A good many competitors partly stumped by **B** and/or **C**. Even so, more than a dozen correct solutions. Prizes shared by E. Allan, G. S. Fisher, M. Kaye, J. D. Taylor.

ASSIAC

Company Meetings

DUNLOP RUBBER

Year of Solid Achievement

The fifty-fifth annual general meeting of the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., was held on June 14 in London.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Baillieu, K.B.E., C.M.G., chairman, in the course of his speech, said: Our results for the year 1952 reflected two adverse factors, the first being the change that had taken place to a Buyers' Market in this country and abroad, and the second the Inventory adjustments that had been necessary by reason of a very steep fall during the year in the prices of our principal raw materials, and in particular rubber. In the year 1953 trading generally was on a steadier basis with demand at a much more normal level. In consequence the volume of goods sold by the Group was higher than in the previous year, but selling price reductions had the effect of reducing slightly the turnover value of goods sold from £250 million to £243 million.

During 1953 our raw material prices again fell, the price of rubber falling from 27d. per lb. at the end of 1952 to a low price of 16d. per lb., finishing at the end of the year at 17d. per lb. Thus over the 12 months there was a net reduction of 10d. per lb. This was a good deal less than the fall in the previous year, but it nevertheless again created problems with Inventory adjustments.

I would emphasise that, throughout the Group, selling prices are constantly under review, so that adjustments are made wherever costs and production volume permit. Our modest profit percentages in relation to turnover, the percentage, after tax, for the year 1953, representing only 5½d. in every £1 of sales.

You will note in comparing our Profit rate in 1953 with that in 1951 that although the rate before tax is lower, the Profit rate after tax at 2.3 per cent. is slightly higher than the 1951 rate of 2.2 per cent.

Our overseas activities have again contributed over 50 per cent. of the total Group profit. In 1952, you will recall, markets became over-stocked as a result of heavy shipments in the early part of the year and there was a considerable drop in the export rate of the industry as a whole. We have a different tale to tell this year. Although in the early months of 1953 exports were not very favourable, the position began to improve towards the middle of the year. The heavy stocks acquired in 1952 were gradually absorbed and replacement began. This resulted in a much more normal and healthy level of demand. Consequently, our exports in the second half of 1953 showed a welcome improvement despite increased foreign competition.

New Products

I have mentioned on previous occasions the intensive research and development work which we are continually undertaking in relation to the application of new methods. Some examples of the progress made in 1953 are our Tubeless car tyres, "Extron" conveyor belting, "Fortiflex" industrial containers (first marketed early in 1954), "Rubbaseal" protective coating for motor cars and "Polimul" emulsion for use in the textile, paper, paint and cement industries.

The demand for tyres considerably improved in 1953 compared with the previous year. The high quality of the Gold Seal car tyre, introduced in 1952, has fully justified our hopes.

The year 1953 has been one of very solid achievement. We have increased the physical volume of business, we have completed the adjustment of Inventories, necessary during the last two years of falling prices, we have strengthened our finances and we have made considerable progress in the development of new products and new methods of manufacture. So far this year trading has continued on a satisfactory basis. We live, however, in a world of tension and challenge and I am not prepared to make any prophecy for the future.

The Dunlop Group with its widespread overseas activities is inevitably affected by disturbances, whether political or economic, in most parts of the world. Providing these do not become serious I believe we shall make still further progress. Our Organisation is sound and our employees have Dunlop interests very much at heart. Our advertising slogan "Dunlop makes things better for everyone" aptly sums up what all of us in the Organisation are trying to do.

The report was adopted.

MARKS AND SPENCER LIMITED

RECORD TURNOVER

99 per cent. BRITISH GOODS

INCREASING POPULARITY OF ST. MICHAEL TRADE MARK

REHABILITATION AND MODERNISATION OF STORES CONTINUED

The twenty-eighth Annual General Meeting of Marks & Spencer, Ltd., was held on June 10 at 82, Baker Street, London, W.1.

Sir Simon Marks, D.Sc. (Chairman and Joint Managing Director), who presided, said: Profit and Loss Account: Profits for the year, after tax, amounted to £3,017,000 (last year £2,466,000). Taxation has required £4,850,000 (last year £4,275,000), including £550,000 for Excess Profits Levy. With £4,051,000 brought forward from last year there is available for distribution £7,068,000.

A final dividend of 45 per cent., making 65 per cent. for the year, is proposed (last year 50 per cent.). After the transfer of £2,705,000 to the General Reserve, and payment of dividend and other appropriations, the carry forward will be £2,561,000.

Scrip Issue

We propose to capitalise the sum of £4,523,491 10s being part of our reserves of £11,424,000. As a result our capital structure will be brought more into line with the capital employed in the business. Our Ordinary Capital will amount to £9,047,000 and our Reserves to £6,901,000.

Properties

Our Freehold Properties appear in the Balance Sheet at £6,558,000—an increase of £935,000, and our Leasehold Properties stand at £3,351,000; three-quarters of the leases have 75 years or more to run.

Large stocks are necessary to cope with our trade. They amounted to £7,793,000 (last year £5,831,000).

Subsidiary Companies

Our Subsidiary Companies earned £32,000 after tax, which sum has been added to their reserves, now standing at £145,000. They supply our garment manufacturers with materials and their stocks of cloth—in the grey and finished—amount to £1,648,000 (last year £1,148,000).

I am pleased to be able to report a further substantial increase in our volume of sales during the year. The turnover, nearly £94,000,000, is more than 10 per cent. higher than last year and 26 per cent. higher than in 1952, when our sales amounted to £73,000,000.

General Trading Conditions

The general conditions in which the business operates have changed markedly in the last two years. The most notable factors have been the removal of government controls and the increasing availability of raw materials. With more abundant supplies at our disposal, and the lifting of restrictions which for so many years hampered our freedom of action, we have been able to take steps systematically to improve our values over a wide range of our goods. The expansion of our sales is evidence that the public responds to our efforts.

Merchandise Development Work Expanded

One of the main elements in our success before the war was our policy of offering to the public a wide range of well-made garments of good value. In order to further this policy we set up a Merchandise Development Department which carried out most interesting and valuable work halted only by the outbreak of war. The exigencies of war compelled the Government to introduce the Utility Scheme, designed to eke out supplies which were becoming increasingly short, and to save labour. It was not surprising, therefore, that the scheme, in which standards and specifications were laid down, narrowed the variety and lowered the quality of materials and goods.

It was not until some eleven years later that the rigid Utility Scheme was superseded by the more flexible D Scheme. The period of austerity in Britain's economy was at last coming to an end, and with its passing came new opportunities for initiative. We increased our technical staffs and expanded our merchandise development work to cover our most important departments.

Exclusive Goods at Inexpensive Prices

We are concerned with the production of our garments throughout all the stages, beginning with the raw material. We provide our garment manufacturers with the finished fabrics and the models of garments we desire them to produce in bulk. The designs of the prints are selected mainly from leading Paris studios, and the garment models are styled by our own specialists. This considerable but rewarding work enables our suppliers to produce original garments which can be termed exclusive in every sense of the word. Under the brand name of St. Michael they can only be bought in our Stores.

There is no doubt that our goods are making a considerable appeal to the widening section of the community we now count as customers.

This business lives and flourishes by the principle of giving the public the best possible values in the fields it has chosen. Our trade mark, St. Michael, guarantees the quality and value of our goods, which our customers buy with confidence. By following our tradition of service to the public we shall continue to earn their goodwill, an asset which we prize most highly.

We aim in our Food Division to develop a selected range of high-quality foodstuffs at reasonable prices. Today with raw materials in free supply we can specify the best ingredients for each product. I am pleased to say that during the year under review it has been possible, while up-grading quality, to reduce the price of a number of our more important items.

High standards of cleanliness and hygiene are a social responsibility for all concerned in the food business. We strive to set an example in our own stores. We have pioneered and developed the clean and simple packaging of foodstuffs in transparent film. This is much appreciated by our customers.

Tribute to Manufacturers

It gives me considerable satisfaction to be able to say that 99 per cent. of the goods we sell are British made.

The production of the great quantities of goods we require, and their phasing to conform to the seasonal pattern of our trade, is a task which demands the closest collaboration between our manufacturers and ourselves. I am happy to record the fact that they appreciate the importance of maintaining high standards of workmanship and finish, to which our customers attach so much importance.

We thank our friends for their co-operation in the past years, and look forward to strengthening our ties with them during the coming period.

Rehabilitation and Modernisation of Stores

We have been concerned since the end of the war with the vital task of rehabilitating our properties, modernising our stores, and rebuilding those that were bombed.

I am glad to report that 12 of our destroyed stores have been rebuilt and are now operating. Phœnix-like they have risen from the ashes to play their part in our expansion. It is with particular pleasure that I can report that Coventry, which was the first to be destroyed, has now been rebuilt.

We have continued our policy of modernisation. Whilst this is a process which we can never regard as being complete, we have already carried out major schemes of improvement at a considerable number of our stores.

Much of the work carried out since the war has been subject to licence, and we have therefore not been able to proceed as far or as fast as we should have liked. Nevertheless, the sum of £13,500,000 has been spent during these eight years. A considerable proportion of this sum has been invested in re-equipment, which we regard as an essential part of the process of modernisation.

Now that building licences, after 15 years, are more freely available we can contemplate a new and more systematic programme of development. With the widening of our range of goods, space has become a most important factor in the stores. We plan to extend and develop many of our present stores which, as you know, are situated in the best positions in the major towns throughout the country. This is a long-term programme, which will require a further large investment of funds and take some years to carry out.

Tribute to Staff

Once again it is my pleasure to thank all members of our Staff, both at Head Office and in the Stores, for their devoted efforts during the past year. There are now 28,000 men and women in our employ.

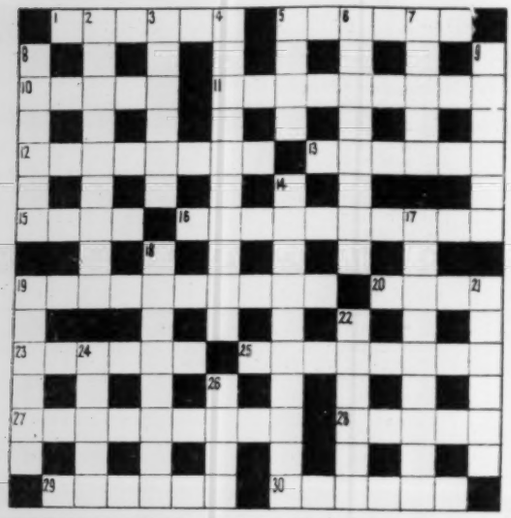
All have the interests of the Company at heart. Their zeal, enthusiasm and loyalty are worthy of the highest praise.

We congratulate the Welfare Department on reaching this year the 21st anniversary of its formation. Members of the Department can look back with satisfaction on the part it has played in the prosperity of the business. It has pioneered a tradition of welfare which has brought added prestige to the Company.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted and the proposed capitalisation of reserves and increase of capital were approved.

Week-end Crossword No. 105

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 105, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on June 29



ACROSS

1. What the fan does — or may say? (6).
5. Gently urged a sharp tool inside the fish (6).
10. Belief in a dwelling place without men (5).
11. Slowly ending with the Jewish quarter (9).
12. Illustrates with light from the left (8).
13. Noisy machines for quiet byways (6).
15. A woman for half the afternoon (4).
16. The new caller and I are hidden in the store room (10).
19. A rider is sick, surrounded by mixed potions (10).
20. Old clothes for failures (4).
23. Long-distance runners' shorts (6).
25. I talk maliciously about a Maltese perhaps (8).
27. Port or spirit (9).
28. Stay behind, covered in black stuff (5).
29. "From grave to gay, from lively to ——" (Pope) (6).
30. Animals from Eastern countries (6).

DOWN

2. A dunce, I groan in confusion and count up (9).
3. Beauty is its coin, according to Comus (6).
4. Whether I like it or not, he is a postman (10).
5. Ear or foot growth (4).
6. The hero is a peak among stars (8).
7. "Or have we —— on the insane root That takes the reason prisoner?" (*Macbeth*) (5).
8. The principal product is a variety of plates (6).
9. The cat is one who meditates about nothing (6).
14. The young lady possibly seemed ill about nothing (10).
17. Cleaned a note below the editor (9).
18. Cut and call for a familiar designation (8).
19. M.P. and miner? (6).
21. Waters the flowers (6).
22. Half human poet's birthplace (6).
24. With an ending he would be not 17 (5).
26. Expression of excitement at a sinuous curve (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 103

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 103

Mrs. A. J. Naylor (Horncastle), A. L. Bacharach (London, N.W.3), T. W. Wallace (Gullane).

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/6*gns.* George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Telephone Llanwrst 166.

YOUR Summer Holidays! A few vacs. now and till Sept. at congenial p. hotel rec. by readers. "Finest all-season climate" (town claim); informative brochures free. 5½-7½*gns.* wkly. incl. full board, early tea, gratuities. Twin beds; h. & c.; Slumberlands, 2 comfortable lounges. No lift. Meat/vegetarian. Normanhurst, sea front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Opp. boating, fishing, own beach tent. Best pos. 3 mile prom., facing full south. Between Pier/Sun Lounge orchestra. Hastings 4784.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

KESWICK - on - Derwentwater. Highfield Vegetarian Guesthouse, The Heads, amid beaut. lake & mntn. scenery, offers friendliness, comf., 1st cl. fd. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

COME to Sunny Ventnor, I.o.W. The historical Crab & Lobster Hotel offers every comfort, superb cuisine, Continental Chef. Delightful cliff gardens. 8-11*gns.* per week. Write Hotel, Dept. B.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside within reach Eastbourne. Good food Comfy beds. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel. 32.

ROTTINGDEAN, Nr. Brighton. Famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, on the old-world Green. Friendly atmosphere, good food, sunny rooms. New, but already with a reputation. From 8*gns.* Brochure. Prop.: D. Chapman, M.P.

PAYING Guests welc. Modernised farmhse. Ideally sitd. Wenlock Edge, Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Salop.

THE Continental (recommended by Labour Pty.), St. Leonards-on-Sea. Hastings 4571.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artist's house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd., St. Ives.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac (old-world fishing village), Carn Haven Guest House. H. & c. bedrooms. Farm prod. 5½-7*gns.* Tel. 286.

SMALL modern hotel overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel Saltdean, Sussex. 'Phone Rottingdean 2614.

LAKE District, Wastwater, Scafell, Eskdale, Seascale district. Table tennis, billiards, extensive grounds. Irton Hall Hotel (lic'd.), Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

LAKES Charm, old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book, 3s. 6*d.*, postage 3*d.* Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

RYE: Simon-the-Pieman Tearooms, Lion St., receive guests. Tel. Rye 2207.

PROFESSIONAL woman with cottage on Cumberland fells welcomes holiday paying guests. Reasonable terms. Box 8558.

PEMBROKESHIRE, comfortable accom., good table, lobster meals supplied. Own boating, modern convs. Vacancies July 3-24, July 31-August 7, Sept. 4 onwards. Mod. terms. Mrs. Thomas, Alandale, St. Davids.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

OLD Plaw Hatch, Nr. East Grinstead, Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Lovely walks and good food at the end of them. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

BEXHILL. The Thorne, Ninfield Road (Ninfield 212). Country House, spacious grounds, near sea. Children welcome. Own produce, preserves, poultry. Homely. Recommended. Write brochure.

FOR the country-lover: Herts-Essex border, 27 miles London. Ideal holiday, walking, cycling, motoring. Good food, home prod., lge. gdn. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comf. living quarters. Farm prod. El. light, log fires. C.H.W. 60 acres. 5½*gns.* wkly. Rushlake Green 32111.

TRETHEVY Hotel estate, Tintagel, N. Cornwall, embraces the "Rocky Valley Carvings," subject of Illustrated London News article, Jan. 9. Vacancies June, early July, Sept. Brochure.

GLORIOUS Devon. "Sea View" Guesthouse, Woolacombe. Adjoining 3 miles golden sands. Children welcome. Good table. Mod. terms. Mrs. Garness. Tel. 44.

HOVE. For happy, comfortable holidays, 4 mins. sea & lawns. H. & c. Excellent food. Terms from 5*gns.* 18 Rutland Gardens. Tel. Hove 39389.

CORNWALL (nr. Fowey). Treyarnon, Tywardreath. Overlkg. sea. Brkfst., evng. meal. No gratuities. Highly rec. 5*gns.* Par 2208.

GUESTS welc. in country cottage on West Cornish coast. 5½*gns.* Nora Frame, Mariner's Cottage, Botallack, St. Just.

PEAK District, Ridge Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith, quiet, lonely. Brochure.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Secluded walled garden. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

BETWS-y-Coed District. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort; continental cooking. From 7*gns.* Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

BURNHAM Beeches, Bucks. Homely cottage accommodation for hikers, cyclists. Terms moderate.—Box 8626.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

SW. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby.

SPEND your holidays in Bretagne in homely Hotel Rocharvor Perros-Guirec, France. Terms 950-1,400 francs, everything inclusive.

PEACE and good food in beautiful setting, Villa Massoni, Massa Centro, Tuscany, stands in terraced garden very near sea and mountains. Easy access to Pisa, Lucca, Lerici, Visreggio. 1,800 lire per day July, August, otherwise 1,500 lire.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. MUS. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

GOOD Food Club members recommend over 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price, in the "Good Food Guide 1954." Revised and enlarged and still 5s. from all booksellers. Pub. Cassell & Co., 37 St. Andrew's Hill, E.C.4.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6*d.*/15s. 6*d.* B. & B., wkly terms arrg.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr.- 3*gns.* wk. Dble. 5*gns.* inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Restnt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

COMFORTABLE Residential Clubs, Hampstead, students, young business people; television, dances, etc. Partial board. Sharing from 47s 6*d.* Application Forms, 13 Belsize Avenue, London, N.W.3.

REGENT'S Park. House with attractive garden to let July 22-Sept. 15. Maintenance and nominal rent. Reply Box 8881.

HAMPSTEAD Heath. Small flat available, consisting large room, use of adjoining kitchenette, bathroom, exchange for care of two children 6½ and 3, 4 p.m.-6.30 p.m. Monday-Friday. Small payment in addition for school holidays & possible illness Box 8971.

HIGHGATE, 3 mins. Tube. Large luxury room, new furniture, concealed cooker. £3 5s. single, £4 double. MOU. 9610.

DELIGHTFUL modern single furn. room, Marble Arch. Cooking facilities. 11*gns.* a month. Box 9061.

ACCOMM. Furn. Single and double rooms. West Hampstead, near Tube. Colonial students welc. MAI. 8982/6401.

FURN. 4-rmd. s/c mansion flat N.W. area. Will sleep 4. 7½*gns.* July 23/Sept. 6. Refs. No agents. Box 8785.

EDGWARE. Charming furn. flat. Large sit., bedroom & kitchen. Share bath. 5*gns.* p.w. with garage. Box 8963.

FURN. flat 1 sgle. & dble. bedrm., housekeeper's rm., 1 recep., hall, kit., bath, etc., cent. htg. and cons. h.w. Recently redec. & furn., fitted carpets throughout. 6-year lease at 6*gns.* p.w. incl. £675 for fixtures & fittings which cost over £800 year ago. Double lock-up garage avail. at under £1 p.w. if reqd. BAYswater 4257 or write 157 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.5.

N.W.3. nr. Tube. Furn. flat 3 rms., k./b., gdn. 6½*gns.* Sleep 4. Also top fl., 2 rms., k. & b. 6*gns.* PRI. 3560.

HAMPSTEAD. Really attract. furn. double bed-sit. Basin, h. & c. Light ckg. Nr. Heath. 3 min. Fin. Rd. buses. HAM. 7428.

FURN. Bed-sit. Use kit. & bath. June 26-August 31. West Ken. Box 8954.

LARGE fur. bed-sit. facing Primrose Hill. Central heating, built-in cupboards and basin, constant hot water, bath., kit. with 'fridge. 3*gns.* per week Suit prof. woman or univ. student. Box 9040.

WELL-furn. bed-sitting room. 1 min. bus & stn. constant h.w. in room, every comf. Suit bus. gent./student. MAI. 0157.

MUSICIAN wishes to let room, N.W.6. July/Sept. Use piano, library, scores. Cooking facilities. MAI. 7621.

FACING Blackheath S.E.3, newly converted & decorated s/c flat, large bedrm., 2 rec., kit., bath/W.C. Gdn. Essential furnishings. 5½*gns.* p.w. Garage avail. Box 8868.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

HIGHGATE Woods. Beautiful divan-room, £3 double £2 10s. single. 'Phone TUDor 8207 after 6 p.m.

TO let furn. 2 or 3 rooms, kit., use bath. Clapham South, p'leasant situation, easy reach bus, tube. Tel. BAT. 4872. Box 8818.

FLAT with garden St. John's Wood. Four rooms, three attic rooms. Suit family. Furnished. One year or longer. Box 8270.

B/S. rm. well furn. to let in mod. flat. Use kit., bath., phone; reas. STA. 9173.

OXFORD graduate and wife offer single room, 45s. 6*d.* p.w. HAMpstead 8109.

WEST Kensington. Several small furnished flats to let from 4-5½*gns.* p.w. For 6 months or longer. Cookes & Burrell, Opp. West Ken. Station, W.14. FUL. 0070.

WESTMINSTER, smallish bed-sit. rm. in pleasant private house. Cooking facilities, cleaning, linen. Suit gentleman, 45s. p.w. Apply 23 Maunsel St., S.W.1.

COMF. bed-sit.-rm. Use kit. Suit bus. lady. Battersea Park. MAC. 3115.

RICHMOND. Opp. Kew Gdns. Very pleasantly furn. cottage. Bedrm., sit. rm., small dining room, kit. & bath (Tel., 'fridge, Ascot). Garage. From Aug. to March 6*gns.* p. wk. Longer let if required. Box 8959.

EPPING Forest London 15 miles, bed-s.t. to let, large garden. Nazeing 2106.

TO let furnished cottage near Ambleside. Accommodates 4. Available till Aug. 22. Mod. convens. Further partics: PRI. 2628.

OVERLOOKING Porlock Bay. To let from July 24 to end October, 2/3 rms., use k. & b., 2/3 people. No linen, no service. Not suitable children. Interview London if desired. 4/5*gns.* Box 8256.

COTTAGE, Lake District, for exch. acc. pref. nr. Br. Museum July/Spt. Box 8981.

CULTURED single woman, registered medical auxiliary chiropodist, shs. unfurn. rms. in/nr. London, pref. on ground floor in populous distr. nr. main shopping, &c., where possible live & practice profession. One year's mod. rent paid in advance. Box 8755.

MENTAL nurse seeks rented house, Hailsham area. Wife, 3 childrn. Box 8872.

ITALIAN mother and adult daughter need double room, use kitchen; fairly central. Box 9055.

D-RM. reqd. June 22-July 9, cen./N.W.3. Herbst. 29 Warnboro' Rd., Oxford.

UNDERGRAD. male, 25, working publishers, N.W.1, July 4-Sept. 5, requires congenial accom. on reas. terms. Box 8922.

PROFESSIONAL weaver, London, urgently reqs. place to live & work. Box 8955.

COLLEGE lecturer (woman) reqs. unfurnished/part-furnished small flat. Central London pref. Box 8723.

UNIVERSITY lecturer requires London flat or house, July-Aug. No children. M. Green, 8 Spring Hill, Sheffield, 10.

FOUR bedroom furn. house, London or nearby suburb, June 15 to April 1, wanted to rent by American professor & family of 4 children. £30 per month. Refs. Box 8869.

UNIVERSITY lecturer, wife, 2 small children, home leave from overseas, seek 2/3 bedroom furnished house or flat for 2, 3 or 4 months, August-November. Pref. London (near park or access garden) or countryside, easy reach London. Box 8902.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in History with special interests in Modern History, and particularly in the Nineteenth Century. Salary scale £450 to £550 per annum with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than June 26, 1954, to the Registrar, University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of applin. may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire, Cathays Park, Cardiff. Applications are invited for a Research Assistantship in Economics tenable for one year, with the possibility of renewal for a further one or two years. Salary £450 per annum. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom six copies of applin, together with names and addresses of three referees, should be sent not later than June 30, 1954. E. R. Evans, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Lectureship in Modern Economic History and/or Economic Development Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Modern Economic History and/or Economic Development tenable from October 1, 1954. Salary scale: £500 to £1,100. Initial salary according to experience and qualifications. F.S.S.U. and family allowance benefits. Applications (6 copies) should be lodged, not later than June 30, 1954, with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Robt. T. Hutcheson, Secretary of University Court.

WAR Office: Head of Establishment, No. 1 Survey Production Centre, R.E. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from men for this pensionable post at Willesden, London. Age at least 30 on June 1, 1954. Candidates must have a University degree with first or second class honours in Engineering or Science or equivalent qualifications. All candidates must have knowledge and practical experience of cartography, especially as applied to the production of military and R.A.F. maps; of trigonometrical survey and geodesy; of lithographic reproduction of maps; and of ground survey and surveying from air photographs. They must also have knowledge of military administration. A candidate without the prescribed academic qualifications may be admitted if of outstanding suitability. Inclusive salary scale £1,075 – £1,239. Further particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S4341/54. Application forms to be returned by July 2, 1954.

TRINIDAD and Tobago Electricity Commission requires a Secretary. The yearly salary is £1,265 rising by increments of £27 10s. to £1,347 10s. When the Commission sells over 100 million units annually the salary will be £1,375 rising by increments of £27 10s. to £1,457 10s. A cost of living allowance of £25 and a house allowance—maximum £10 8s. 4d. per month if married and £6 5s. per month if single—are also payable. An outfit allowance of £60 will be granted on arrival. Applicants must have a sound general education, be in possession of a recognised professional qualification and must have had not less than 10 years' experience in the organisation of a large industrial concern, preferably in the Electricity Supply Industry. Experience of T.W.I. an additional advantage. The successful applicant will be provided with First Class passages for himself, his wife and two children up to the age of 18, on appointment. Leave passages to the United Kingdom or equivalent will be provided every three years. Vacation, casual and sick leave on full pay. The successful applicant will be requested to pass a medical examination. General details of Trinidad's climate, income tax, etc., can be obtained from the West India Committee at 40 Norfolk Street, London, W.C.2. Applications giving full details of qualifications, experience and personal particulars, together with two recent references, should be sent by Air Mail to reach the Acting General Manager, Trinidad and Tobago Electricity Commission, P.O. Box 121, Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I., on or before July 24, 1954.

CHILD Welfare Officers. London County Council requires qualified and experienced men and women for temporary (in first instance) engagements as vacancies occur. Salary £531 5s. rising to £685. Duties include receiving into care; rehabilitation; boarding-out; adoption; after care. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from Children's Officer (CH/A1), County Hall, S.E.1; returnable by June 30. (695.)

ORGANISER, married woman, wanted for part-time social work in Scotland; able to travel easily; some evening work. Age; education and experience, marked "A.O.," to Family Planning Association, 64 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1.

SWISS Finishing School requires young Woman Univ. Graduate, some teaching experience, interested in sports; working knowledge of German, opportunity of perfecting it. Vacancy from September. Apply Dr. K. Landolt, Klosters, Graubuenden.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Southampton. Department of Economics. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Statistics. Salary within range of £550 rising annually by £50 to £1,100 per annum with F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance. Initial placing on scale will be subject to experience and qualifications. Further particulars from the Secretary and Registrar, The University, Southampton, to whom applications should be sent not later than June 30, 1954.

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistant for Sinhalese. Candidates should speak and write Sinhalese as mother tongue and be able to translate from English, prepare original material, produce a magazine programme and read fluently in Sinhalese at the microphone. Selected candidates will be required to take voice and translation tests. Appointment for three years in first instance. Salary £780 p.a. with prospects of promotion. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed env. and quoting ref. "267 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Television Outside Broadcasts Producers (male) in Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff and Glasgow. Duties to devise, investigate, prepare and produce television broadcasts of all kinds. Wide interests including sports and everyday events, and ability to think and act quickly under pressure essential. Good visual sense and knowledge of camera angles and lenses desirable. For Welsh appointment knowledge of Wales and Welsh language essential. For Scottish appointment first-hand knowledge of Scotland and Scottish affairs essential. For Midland and Western appointments knowledge of the region concerned very desirable. Salary £1,085 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,465 p.a. maximum. Initial appointment might be made at lower grade with prospects of promotion when fully qualified. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "251 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days. The particular post applied for should be clearly indicated.

COMMISSIONS in the Women's Royal Air Force. Applications are invited from women over 18½ and under 37 to train as officers in the W.R.A.F. Initial appointments are for short-service commissions—generally five years. Pay begins at £242 p.a. and can rise to £1,259 for those selected for long-service commissions. Free accommodation and rations or allowance in lieu. All candidates must pass a selection and a medical board. There are two methods of entry. For a commission, granted after technical and officer training, in the Secretarial, Equipment or Fighter Control branches, candidates must be educated to G.C.E. (ordinary level) or Scottish Leaving Certificate standard. For direct commissions in the Technical Education, Catering, Equipment or Secretarial branches, applicants should possess a university degree or the Intermediate Certificate of appropriate professional examinations, but those with sufficient practical experience will also be considered.—Full details from Air Ministry, A.R.1 (D.31), Adastral House, London, W.C.2.

"HIGH Wick," St. Albans, Herts. Centre for psychotic and grossly maladjusted Children (3-10 years). Resident House Mothers required for new posts vacant shortly. Essentials for this worth-while work are previous experience with children, initiative, humour and understanding. Apply for further details to Group Secretary, Mid-Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, St. Albans City Hospital, Normandy Road, St. Albans.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Appointment of Child Care Officer. Applications invited from suitably qualified men or women for full-time post of Child Care Officer on the Staff of the Children's Officer. Salary Grade III of the National Joint Council's Scales for Local Authorities' A.P.T. and Clerical Services, £550 × £15 – £595 per annum. The post offers valuable experience in all aspects of work for children deprived of a normal home life, including Court work, Adoptions, preventive work and boarding-out in the City of Leicester and the surrounding County. Preference given to candidates aged 25 years or over. The appointment will be subject to the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. The successful applicant will be required to pass a medical examination. Appl. forms and further particulars from Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester. Closing date July 2, 1954.

HAMPSHIRE County Council. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Educational Psychologist. The duties, which consist of advisory work in the schools, and diagnostic work in the Child Guidance Clinics, will be carried out within the framework of the Authority's School Psychological Service. Candidates must hold a degree in Psychology, and should have had clinical training. Teaching experience is essential. Salary will be on a scale £775 × £25 – £915 for a man, or £705 × £20 – £815 for a woman. An officer using his or her own car when travelling on County Council duties will receive travelling allowance on the County scale for the time being in force. Forms of application, with further particulars of the appointment, may be obtained from the County Education Officer, The Castle, Winchester, to whom completed applications should be returned by June 30.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Labour Party invites applications for the post of Commonwealth Officer in the International Department. Candidates should have a wide knowledge of colonial affairs and of the Labour movement, and drafting ability. Salary £600-£700. Application forms, to be returned with specimens of written work not later than June 30, 1954, from Morgan Phillips, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1.

THE Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust. Theatre Executive. Applications are invited for the position of Executive Officer of the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust. Applicants must have a wide knowledge of all phases of Theatre including management. The Executive Officer will be expected: (1) To advise the Board of the Trust on projects for seasons of drama, ballet or opera in Australia for which the support of the Trust is sought; (2) to negotiate with organisations seeking the support of the Trust; (3) to supervise arrangements for giving effect to agreements between the Trust and organisations which it is supporting. Information about the Trust may be obtained from the address given below. Salary in accordance with experience and qualifications but not less than £A2,000. Full particulars of qualifications and experience should be stated in applications which should be addressed to: The Chairman, The Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust, c/o The High Commissioner for Australia, Australia House, London, W.C.2. Closing date for applications, June 30, 1954.

INSTITUTE of Psychiatry (University of London). Assistant required for hormone research in medical school. Appropriate technical or University qualifications essential. Experience in the special field desirable. Salary will depend on qualifications and experience: range of initial salary £400-£450. Application forms, to be returned within seven days, from Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

CALDECOTT Community. Wanted Housemistress, not under 25 years of age, for small group of girls between the ages of 11-15. Must be interested in the problems of disturbed and deprived adolescents and willing to take active part in the life of the Community. Salary accdg. to exp. Apply Miss Rendel, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

CALDECOTT Community. Wntd. in Sept. 1954, trained cook with some exp. for boarding school of 100 children. Apply Miss Davies, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

UNIVERSITY House, Victoria Park Square, Bethnal Green, London, E.2, has vacant a resident post for an active woman to supervise the small domestic side of the Settlement and to undertake secretarial duties involving some evening work in the Community Centre. £250 plus board. Apply to the Warden.

ASSISTANT Wardens required for boys' hostels in London and Cambridge. Commencing salary £3 5s. p.w., live in, all found. Assistance with study for Social Science Diploma. Some experience with young people essential. Apply in writing to the General Secretary, The S.O.S. Society, 24 Ashburn Place, S.W.7.

ASST. Housemistress reqd. in Sept. for Oxford High School Boarding Hse. (37 girls). Apply with full partics. to Mrs. Hutchinson, 3 Bardwell Rd., Oxford.

RAMBLERS' Association Services requires young man, preferably in age range 22/28, to train for Independent Tours clerk and enquiries clerk. Knowledge of foreign languages an asset. Methodical and efficient worker and interest in foreign travel essential. Commencing salary £350 to £400 according to age and experience with prospects of advancements. Three weeks' holiday; pension scheme; opportunities occasional foreign travel. Applications by letter giving full details education, exper., background, salaries earned, etc., to Ramblers' Assocn. Services Ltd., 48 Park Rd., Baker St., N.W.1.

SHORTHAND-Typist up to 20 years of age for Foreign Language Bookshop, W.C.1. 5-day week. Alternate Saturday mornings. Model T.U. agreement on wages & conditions. Apply Collet's Holdings, 45 Museum St. 'Phone CHA. 4756 for appointment.

PUBLISHER wishes to contact retired English Masters in the London area, interested in undertaking work on a New English Dictionary. Box 8942.

UNIVERSITY of London. Private Secretary to Director of the Institute of Archæology. For details apply to the Institute, Inner Circle, Regent's Park, N.W.1, before June 30, 1954.

FABIAN Society requires Secretary/Shorthand-typists for Colonial Bureau and Schools organisation. £305/£325 p.a. according to qualifications, plus increments; 5-day week. Apply in writing to General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

MANCHESTER. Professional couple need mother's help/housekeeper, July, care 2 small girls, 3 & 1. Own bed and sit.-rm. Other help. Salary by arrangement. Box 8952.

INTELLIGENT Secretary wanted for interesting work. Socialist journal & organisation. Sh./typing essential. State experience & political interests. Box 8979.

MOTHER'S Help or Children's Nurse, experienced, responsible, wanted July & August for educational workers abroad on leave in Britain. Two boys 5 & 2. Box 8771.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GENERAL Secretary/Organiser, British Workers' Sports Assoc. Commencing salary £525. Forms of applic. may be obtd. from the B.W.S.A., 2 Soho Sq., W.1. Completed forms must be returned by July 24.

BOOK Publishers require experienced secretary/assistant. Temporary at first, good chance of interesting permanent post. Write full details: Box 9065.

JUNIOR (girl) required for filing, telephone, etc., in trade union office. Good conditions, 5-day week. Apply A.B.T., 5 Ashley Place, S.W.1.

TUTORS in English required for Continental pupils part-time. Mornings 15hrs. per week. Denmark Hill area. Box 9038.

LICENSED Sports Club wants immed. temp. helper (1 to 3 months). Suit univ. student or similar. Furn. accom. and meals if required, and £3 per week. Considerable free time. Write Secretary, Squash Club, 2 Dyer's Lane, S.W.15.

LAME girl with high surgical boot required to demonstrate improved type of appliance. Box 8650.

SEC./shorthand typist for Editor & Managing Director. State age, experience & salary reqd. to Racing Pigeon Pub. Co., Ltd., 19 Doughty St., W.C.1. HOL. 7562.

INVOICE Typist, m. or f., age up to 21, some experience, for progressive book importers, W.C.1. Model T.U. agreement on wages, holidays, sick pay, etc. Telephone Collet's, CHA. 4765 for appointment.

SHORTHAND & copy typists for our temporary staff, a week or more, 10-5 No Sats. Also perm posts. Cranbourn Agency, 42 Cranbourn St., Leicester Sq. GER. 5249.

ALL Office Staff supplied and wanted. CHA. 8471. Holborn Secretarial Agency, 4 Holborn Place, W.C.1. No fees staff.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

ST. STEPHEN'S Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1, & 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. (opp. New Victoria Cinema) welcomes temporary sh./typists & copy typists. Short hours. No Sats. Up to £7 10s. p.w.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ECONOMICS research student (Indian) with 5 years exp. in statistical work seeks temporary/part-time employment. Box 8717.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

YOUNG man (25) with sound logical mind (degree in English and Philosophy) seeks employment in which initiative & sense of responsibility required. Salary £10 per week or little less if prospects good. Box 8828.

STUDENT (English), m., 20, seeks vacation job mid-July/Sept. 5 languages, driver. Anything interesting and/or well-paid considd., home, abroad. Box 8983.

YOUNG lady willing to baby-sit, evenings. Box 8763.

FRENCH—Literature, Proof-reading, translations by expert D.Lit. Box 8903.

SEC. reqs. res. post July-Sept., willing help look after children. Box 8898.

W. INDIAN writer/stud. m. wants job pref. sm. printing or pub. firm—typg., figures. Considd. anything. Box 9009.

SCHOOLS

A BOYS' Preparatory Boarding School, recognised as efficient by the Ministry of Education. Lovely setting amongst pinewoods on Suffolk coast, with excellent health record. Small classes allow for very thorough teaching methods on individual lines. Pleasant atmosphere and personal contact between boys and staff. Ideal surroundings for healthy outdoor life. Four acres of games field, private beach, swimming and sailing. Comprehensive prospectus. Sizewall Hall, Suffolk.

PROGRESSIVE Home School for boys and girls 4-11. Recognised as efficient by the Ministry of Education. Thanet House, Broadstairs. Tel. Thanet 62783.

LAKE District, Kings School, Ambleside. Boarding & Day School for Boys. Principal: C. V. Hales, B.A. Ambleside 3108.

WELL-BALANCED preparation for the great School of Mankind—Life itself—is the aim of The New School, Kings Langley, Herts. While avoiding early specialisation the method (based on Rudolf Steiner principles) seeks to unfold individual faculties and gifts and to develop truly social impulses. Boys and girls, 6 to 18, received as day children or boarders at moderate fees. Number of vacancies now due to recent extensions.

SCHOLARSHIPS

LITTLE Abbey School, Newbury, offers three Entrance Scholarships, value £50 per annum each, to boys under 9 on July 1 who are not already attending a similar boarding preparatory school. Candidates must attend examination and interview at the School on July 16. For further particulars write to Headmaster. Full fees £76 p. term.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

THINKERS' Holiday Organization. 1954 Summer School, New Forest. "Religion in the Atomic Age"—a critical analysis. July 31-August 6: "Religion and Modern Science," Prof. L. Arnaud Reid, Dr. P. E. Hodgson, Prof. H. Levy, Prof. H. D. Lewis, Prof. H. H. Price, Canon C. E. Raven, D. A. Routh, Dr. R. H. Thouless. August 7-14: "Religion in Relation to Modern Ethical and Social Problems," Prof. A. J. Ayer, A. Basu, H. J. Blackham, P. Leon, Prof. H. D. Lewis, A. C. MacIntyre, Maung Maung Ji, Dr. Zwi Werblowsky, the Iman of Shah Jehan Mosque. Full social programme—excursions, dances, sport, etc. For details apply to The Secretary, 4 Cranley Gdns., London, S.W.7. Visitors from abroad especially welcome.

VIENNA University Summer School July 15-Sept. 30. Experienced Professors lecture on German Language and Literature for Beginners and Advanced. Academic qualification not essential. Enqs.: Four Seasons Travel, Ltd., 49 Dover St., London, W.1. GRO. 7853. (Representatives in the U.K.)

LANGUAGE Holidays. Enjoy a gay and varied holiday with bathing, tennis, dancing, excursions, and at the same time improve your knowledge of German, French or Spanish. International House Party holidays in Britain, Switzerland or Austria. For full details consult our "Language Holiday Leaflet," Erna Low, 47 (HP) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 and 9225.

LEATHERHEAD Repertory Theatre, Surrey. Summer Drama School, August 9-20. Practical Course for Amateurs with professional staff under professional conditions. Fee 5½gns. Syllabus: Mrs. M. Sansom, 6 The Keir, Westside, London, S.W.19.

HOLIDAY Course for Continental Students. The 8th Course will be held this summer from July 21 until Sept. 1 and is open to young people of all nationalities over the age of 15. Extensive curriculum in English Language and Literature. Graduate staff. Delightful country-house standing amongst pinewoods on coast of a 2,000-acre estate, with direct access to half a mile of private beach. Excellent and plentiful food. All sports. Illustrated prospectus from the Secretary, Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

BRAZIERS—the centre that is also a fellowship group: June 25, "Holiday Painting & Sketching"; July 6, "Anglo-Italian Seminars"; Aug. 4, "Sensory Summer School." See further under "Personal."

PERSONAL

EX-SERVICEMAN (34) re-visiting Northern Italy and Carinthia by car July 1-22 has 2 vacancies. Box 8927.

LUXURY modern 4-berth caravan, French Riviera paradise. 4gns. per head weekly. PAR. 6309.

HALF share in studio pottery at Notting Hill Gate. Grafton electric kiln. Fully equipped. Rent 10s. per week only. Price £500. Write Box 8658.

SOUTH of France. 2 seats car lvg. July 15, retn. Aug. 3. £10. ELS. 2501.

YNG man, 25, wants farm, nursery or other congenial outdoor work. Box 8901.

LADY driving sm. car Rhine Valley July shs. another sharing expenses. Box 8736.

SOUTH of France. To let in picturesque village furn. cottage, mod. comf. Sleep 2-3. Avail. after August. State dates, add intern. postage coupon. Box 8780.

S/C flat and solarium to let in charming villa nr. Nice. Mme. J. Deberly, L'Escale, Eze-Bord-de-Mer, France, A.M.

FORMER modern hotel now University Hall of Residence offers accommodation, breakfast and dinner, July 12-Sept. 14, 1954. 110 rooms (91 with private bathroom); constant hot water day and night; 2 spacious lounges, and conference hall (ballroom); large, attractive garden. Ideal for study groups, holiday parties, reunions, conferences. Enquiries to Matron, Halliday Hall, 67 South Side, Clapham Common, London, S.W.4. Tel. TULse Hill 8432.

SWITZERLAND. Aug. Priv. Châlet party. 2/3 vacs. Cheap. Knight, 2 Colney Heath Lane, St. Albans or Colney Heath 309.

MONTH of comf. life in Rome to lady for reciprocation London. Box 8683.

HOLIDAY in Holland. Amsterdam flatlet available from June 25 to Aug. 10. Two furnished rooms & kitchen, crockery, etc. 2 beds. £3 weekly. Box 8921.

AUTHOR offers 1-2 seats comf. mod. car Austria via Alpine passes due last-min. cancellation friends. Dep. July 9, appr. 3 wks. Share exps. Under 40s pref. Box 9057.

2 SEATS vac. car to Italy. Lake Garda, July 1-19. Share petr. exp. SPE. 2631.

"THE Ring" Gall. seat 12s. ea. Siegfried June 25; Gotterdammerung 29. Hanmer, 34a Elizabeth St., S.W.1.

COTTAGE Denmark, unspoilt beach Western Jutland, to let Aug. 1 onwards. Sleep 6. 5gns. p.w. HAM. 7319 8-10 a.m./5-10 p.m.

ENGINEERING undergrad. reqs. summer post, drive & ride, good mixer. Gt. Britain or Continent. Post must be interesting, touring chauffeur, shows, etc. Box 8747.

BARRISTER coaches in all general subjects. Will visit pupils in own homes. Telephone FLAxman 9855.

PERSONAL—continued

ZURICH/dist. 1 seat vac. car lvg. Lon. July 6. Out journey only. BAY. 8075.

DISTINGUISHED Parisian family receive few paying guests at their villa in Normandy, Trouville-Deauville. Overlooking sea. Superb cooking. Full board £1 per day. Simonnot, Izel Cottage, Trouville, Calvados.

AU Pair. Young educ. foreign girls willing help with children and light housework—pocket money—available immed. for 3-12 months. Ref. exchanged. Booking for Sept. invited. Educ. Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., London, S.W.7.

INDIAN student seeks accom. with an educated English family. Box 8969.

HOST Family in London with children over 18 required for French lady who is willing to pay £6 p.w. Box 8563.

ANYONE can speak Italian in 3 months effortlessly with Setogni or your fees refunded. MAY. 4218 aft. 5/Richmond 3286.

COACHING required in Mathematics, Physics, Applied Maths. and Structures for Part A. A.M.I.C.E. July to October. Evenings only. Box 8673.

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SAIL on a Soviet ship to Finland. 18-day cruise and tour for 52gns. Departures July 2 and 23, Aug. 13, Sept. 3. Send for ill. broch. to Contours Ltd. 72 Newman St., London, W.1. Tel. MUS. 8499.

RAMBLERS Association holidays. Still room on some parties. Write 48(R4) Park Road, N.W.1.

YNG. man, univ. graduate, seeks holiday companion (m.), 20-25. Box 8878.

INTELL., girl, Jewish, 20, sks. vac. seat in car touring continent 1st 3 wks. July, share exps.; or carefree companion (f.) for hostelling holiday same time. Box 8826.

CHILDREN'S Houseparty, Bexhill. Brochure: Sec., Rodwell Summer School, 49 Coborn Rd., London, E.3. ADV. 2186.

PITMAN'S Shorthand. Private individual tuition. No classes. In sunny pleasant flat Baker St. area. Afternoons or evgs. Tel. PAD. 6929 before 9.15 or after 5.

GOING abroad? Start now 6- or 12-week course "Colloquial French for Tourists." 11 Charing Cross Road (near Leicester Square Station), open 1-10 p.m. TRA. 2044.

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ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

EXCLUSIVE Continental Style Leisure Wear and very brief swim wear for Men. Illustrated catalogue on request from Vince Studio, 46 Manchester St., London, W.1.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

WILL the parents of the nubile ingénue, left last week to be photographed by John Vickers, kindly collect their delicious offspring before temptation becomes too great? VIC. 4915.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

IF you can't manage "ordinary office hours" to be photographed, Anthony Panting will gladly arrange an evening or Saturday appointment for you at 30 Abbey Gdns., N.W.8.

NATUROPATHY, Osteopathy, Relaxation. John Lamming, D.O., M.B.N.A., 6, Upper Park Road, Hampstead, N.W.3 (PRI. 7062) and 14a Gloucester Place, Portman Sq., W.1 (WEL. 0120).

QUICKHAND in one week-end: rapid notes in your ordinary writing. Course 18s. 6d. M.A. Educ. (N), 119 Brent St., N.W.4.

"KNOW-HOW" brings you Writing Success. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N.1. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

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HOLIDAY Friendship Service programme includes Bulgaria, Austria, Israel, Portugal, France, Spain. Send S.A.E., 5 Goodwins Court, London, W.C.2

PERSONAL—continued

CULTURAL Holiday in Yugoslavia. 16-day grand luxury coach tour visiting Ljubljana, Banja Luka, Sarajevo, Dubrovnik (5 days), Sibenik, Crikvenica, Bled. Conducted by university lecturer, well acquainted with modern Yugoslavia, 52gns. inclusive of all excursions and visit to Kotor and Cetinje. Split and Dubrovnik—rail and sea cruise, 16 days 39gns. 3rd class sleepers available. Send for Free illustrated brochure to See Yugoslavia, Ltd., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. Tel. MUSeum 9351/2.

HOLIDAYS by the Sea: Enjoy sunshine and bathing with a cheerful party of young professional people. Special suggestion: St. Lunaire in Brittany and Danish Seaside Holiday near Copenhagen (July 9), Irish holiday with sailing, tennis, etc. (July 3-17). Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

TRY Painting & Sketching! 10 days Holiday Course (studios available if weather demands) at Braziers Ipsden, Oxon Checkendon 221.

MINIA-IMAGES of children modelled from your favourite snapshot, 3-4in. high; from £3. Write Miss E. P., 9 Porchester Sq., W.2, or call "The Turret," 36B Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WES. 6870.

SARDINIA by Air offers something new for those desiring an inexpensive sunshine holiday off the beaten track. Good food and local wine of quality, excellent swimming and many places of historic interest within easy reach. Return air fare and full hotel board and accommodation for £47 10s. 14 days. No extras. A popular low rate flying excursion from Sardinia to Rome has been arranged. Write or 'phone now for brochure to Dept. CS, Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

SPAIN, Tossa, Barcelona, 15 days, small mixed informal unherded party. Send vac. dates Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

SPAIN, Costa Brava, informal, unherded, small party or independent. Send vac. dates Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

BARGAIN Holidays by Air, Austria, Switzerland. 15 days £29 to £37 10s. incl. coach trips. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

LAST Minute Continental Holidays. Not mass produced but individually arranged. Choice of one or more centres from £29 14s. Business & Holiday Travel Ltd., 111 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Tel. WHItehall 4114/5.

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TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WELbeck 6655 for details.

MEETINGS, lects. Irving Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657, seats 100, avlble fr. 10.30.

P.S. 1954/5 Ski Programme now in preparation—special "student" parties to Bretaye and Obergurgl. Write now to Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow, and reserve your copy of the Programme.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

HOW America is penetrating economically and politically is described in "Canada and the U.S. Python," by Tim Buck, Secretary of the Labor-Progressive Party, in the June "Labour Monthly." Also "The World of Mr. Attlee" by D. N. Pritt, Q.C.; "War or Peace in South East Asia" by Gordon Schaffer, etc. 1s. 6d. all agents. Or half year's sub. 9s. from N.S.M., 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

ANTI-Tuberculosis Vaccination in U.S.S.R. K. P. Berkos. Text of Royal Sanitary Institute lecture. Also L. Crome, Recent Progress in Soviet Medicine; and M. N. Livanov, Electro-Physiological Investigations of Conditioned Reflex Links. Soviet Medical Bulletin, Vol. 1, No. 2 (Old Series No. 8). 1s. 6d. (postage, etc. 3d), from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, London, W.8.

"CLOCHEMERLE-Babylone." New novel by Gabriel Chevallier (in French). Wrappers 15s. 6d. p.f. Bound 18s. p.f. Anglo-French, 72 Charlotte Street, W.1.

VINCENT Cleland, Foreign Books. All enquiries welcomed. 155c Clapton Common. E.5. (STA. 1849).

"NATURE Cure from the Inside" by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

"GUITAR News," bi-monthly, 5s. a year. Dept. N., International Classic Guitar Association, 47 Clarence St., Cheltenham.

SOME Causes of Sudden Death is the title of a topical article in the current number of "The Farmer." If you wish to dodge a premature end read "The Farmer" from beginning to end. You'll live to bless the day you sent 2s. 6d. a copy or 10s. a year for "The Farmer," Ferne Farm, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

"KENYA," a revealing history by Dr. Richard Pankhurst: facts obscured by Press and Parliament. 7s. 6d. (by post 8s.), from New Times Bookshop, 3 Charteris Rd., Woodford Green, Essex.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

"THE Legal Mind": An Approach to the Dynamics of Advocacy—Gerald Abrahams, Barrister-at-Law. "An interesting and provocative volume."—Neville Laski, Q.C. "An interesting and stimulating little book."—Justice of the Peace and Local Government Review. "The reader will acquire some fascinating fragments of learning."—Spectator. From all good booksellers or from the publishers, H.F.L. (Publishers) Ltd., 66 Chandos Place, London, W.C.2. Price 18s. net. Post Paid 19s.

"THE Nation," America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

"IMMEDIATE Knowledge and Happiness." Non-dualistic Vedanta, its doctrine, practice, & some general applications, by John Levy, is now available at 12s. 6d., postage 8d., from Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, W.C.2.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GOOD books & Socialist material bought. Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

N.W. Middlesex. Freehold house, period features. 3 floors, light rooms, no passages, sound condition. Secluded south garden. In quiet cul-de-sac, nr. shops/stn. 3 recep., 5 bed., study, garage. Owner transferred. Quick sale £3,600. Hatch End 1983.

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TWO detached cottages, 200 yrs. old, in National Trust village of Chiddingstone, Kent. Safe from building. Each 3 sit., 3 bed., b. & k. Studio, gdns. Main serv. Bus route, London 55 mins. Together/separately, about £1,800 each, fhold. Sole Agents, C. J. Parris, 67 High St., Tunbridge Wells.

CORNWALL North, overlooking sea, high sunny sheltered position, unspoilt country, stonebuilt house, garden, 2 sitting, 3/5 bedrooms, bathroom/lav. Aga kit. Freehold possess., £2,700. Offers consid. Box 8795.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ting Secretary, MEA. 3012.

MEETINGS enable you to reach those who attend. A duplicator will enable you to reach those who don't! A Foolscap "Emphas" will give a lifetime of first-class service, yet it costs only £5 complete ready to use and guaranteed. Illus. details from makers Blaiklock, Gray Ltd., Hockley, Essex.

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DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fiertag, Dept. N/N, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

GARDEN Furniture. New Designs in metal, wood and cane are to be found at Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1. Please write for Garden Furniture Catalogue.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Last 2 days, 5 & 8. "The Impresario from Smyrna." Mems. 10s. yr.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391). Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.30. (Membership 2s. 6d. p.a.)

EVERYMAN, Ham 1525. Until June 27: Jacques Tati in "Monsieur Hulot's Holiday" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3520. Sun., June 20 "Riso Amaro" (A) Italy.

THREE Soviet Film Premières. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.30, Sat., June 26. "May Night" (film with music, based on Gogol story). "Happy Childhood," "Solar Eclipse." Tickets 2s., 2s. 6d. from Educ. Ctee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. Cash and s.a.e. with order, 10 per cent discount on block bookings of 10 plus.

UNIVERSITIES' Midsummer Ball, Royal Festival Hall, June 25, 11 p.m.—5 a.m. George Melachrino's Orchestra. Office N, Inter Varsity Club, 170 King's Rd., London, S.W.3. (Flaxman 8666, evenings.)

CRYSTAL Palace. International Dance Festival and South Suburban Co-operative Day Fair in aid of United Nations Children's Fund. Saturday, July 3, 2 p.m.-11 p.m. 200 Dancers, including Spanish, Scandinavian, Balkan, South American, West Indian, Scottish and Irish with colourful costumes. Hanwell Silver Band. London Pipe Band. Children's Funfair. Cinema, Sideshows, Exhibition, Firework Display. Grounds 2s., Children 1s. Festival Performances 3 p.m., 8 p.m., 2s. 6d. Children 1s. 6d. Refreshments. Car Park.

I.C.A., Dancing to the Dave Stevens Trio, 8-11 p.m., Sat., June 19, at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., Guests 5s. Membership invited.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy. Dance, Sat., June 19, 7.30-11. Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. Adm. 3s.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Dance, Sat., June 19, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Tickets 4s.

WEST African Students' Union Tropic Night Dance, June 25, St. Pancras Town Hall. 7.30-11.30. Band: Ron Somers.

SUMMER Fair. Sale, sideshows, entertainments. Puppets, games, films, concerts. Bargains in books, stamps, objets d'art, foodstuffs, clothing, etc. Sat., June 26, from 3 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. (children 6d.).

CONCERTS

THAXTED Midsummer Festival Concert, June 27, 3 p.m. Jan Sedivka Chamber Orchestra, "The Four Seasons" by Vivaldi & wks. by Boyce, Purcell, Elgar, Barber, 5s.

LONDON Jewish Society. "Folk Music of Many Lands," presented on gramophone records by Mr. Louis Gorden, Ben Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Thursday, June 24, 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

LONDON Streets and Squares. An exhibition of paintings, drawings and prints. Heal's, 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., London, W.1.

SCULPTURE In The Open Air. Holland Park, Kensington High St. Daily 10—dusk. Admission 1s. 3d., Children 9d.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Georges Braque—Paintings & Drawings from English collections, supplemented by Lithographs and Engravings 1909-1953. Members free, non-members 1s.

GOYA. An exhibition of Drawings, Etchings & Lithographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till July 25. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8 (Tues., July 6, 10-6), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s.

SLATTER Gallery. Exhibition Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat., 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Claude Monet (1840-1926) in aid of The British Empire Cancer Campaign. Adm. 2s., Students 1s. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood, London. Exhibition of early Wedgwood. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French Paintings XIX and XX Century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

LEGER Galleries, 13 Old Bond St., W.1. Daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Until June 26. Sketches of India & Pakistan by F. Joss ("Jass" of the "Star").

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. New Paintings & Drawings by Alan Reynolds; First Exhibition of Paintings by Jack Taylor. 10-1, Sat. 10-6. Closes July 3.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Ivon Hitchens, Stella Steyn, Blair Hughes-Stanton. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. At 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free. At The Wellcome Research Institution, 183-193 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibition: The Life and Work of Paul Ehrlich. Daily (Sat. & Sun. exc.) 10-5. Admission free.

THE Adams Gallery, 24 Davies St., W.1. Selections from Paris Studios.

MASTERPIECES from Sao Paulo, Arts Council Exhibition, Tate Gallery. Open till Aug. 15. Weekdays 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Jack Smith. 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George's St., W.1. Francis Bacon paintings, William Scott drawings. Until July 16.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Jean Lurçat. Drawings, Gouaches, Oils, Pottery and Tapestry, covering the period between 1915 and 1954.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Paintings by Jacob Bornfriend & Leonard Rosoman. Closing June 26.

SCANDINAVIAN Exhib.: New Designs of Furniture, Fabrics, Pottery, Glass, Metal Ware. Heal & Son, 196 Tott. Ct. Rd., W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"CAN Religions Co-operate To-day?" Panelled Discussion Caxton Hall, Friday, June 25, at 7.30 p.m. Participating representatives, Rev. Edward Carpenter, M.A., Ph.D. (Canon of Westminster), Dr. Abdul Kader, M.A., Ph.D. (Islamic Cultural Centre), Mr. Wallace Bell (Council of Christians and Jews), Mr. P. D. Mehta, M.A. (Lecturer, Indian Religions), Rev. Claud Coltman, M.A. Admission free.

ANTI-Slavery Society with Racial Unity and British Commonwealth League. A lecture. Dr. Duguid with Kodachrome film "The Aborigines of Australia." 2.30, Tuesday, June 22. The Alliance Hall, Palmer St., Westminster. All interested cordially invited.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy. Wed., June 23, 7.30. Joseph Rauh: "The Forces Behind McCarthy." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2s.

THE Business and Professional Forum. "Is a Re-armed Germany a Menace to Britain?" A discussion between Mr. Ben Parkin, M.P., & Mr. Heinrich Fraenkel. Thursday, June 24, 7.45 p.m. Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Visitors 3s. 6d.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public Lecture, 8.15. Fri., June 25, Mr. Geoffrey Robinson: "A Publisher's Responsibility." Chairman: Mr. Herbert Howarth. 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

"ATHLETICS and Swimming." Open disc. led by Rt. Hon. P. Noel Baker, M.P. St. Anne's Ch. Hse., 57 Dean St., W.1. Mon., June 21, 7.30. B.W.S.A. Mems. 1s. Ors. 1s. 6d. (Half-price L.O.Y., Students.)

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., June 20. Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., "Malthus—the Man and his Work." Adm. free. Handbills on request.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 p.m., Sunday, June 20, Studio, 29 Addison Ave., W.11 (Nr. Holland Pk. Stn.). Discourse: Mr. Maung Maung Ji, M.A.: "Gandhi, Mrs. Besant and Tagore."

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. To-night Friday, Jun. 18. V. Alcock, "The Coloured Man in London." Friday, Jun. 25. Mrs. Sylvia Bell, "Children and the Comic Strip."

PUSHKIN Club, Academy House, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. June 18, 8 p.m. A. Halpern: "Chernishevsky and his influence on Lenin." June 25, 8 p.m. Arnold Haskell: "The Russian Ballet." Monday Circle, June 21, 8 p.m. Dr. and Mrs. Zernov: "India in Transition."

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1. June 26 at 6 p.m. Dott. F. Malavasi: "Due Proverbi."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Tuesday, June 22, 8.15 p.m. Lecture: "Contemporary Scottish Poetry," by Dr. David Daiches. Chairman: G. S. Fraser. Thursday, June 24, 8.15 p.m. Illustrated Lecture: "Drawing as Communication" (Triumphs and Obscurities of Mechanical Draughtsmanship) by Reyner Banham. Chairman: Ove Arup. Members 2s. Guests 3s. Membership invited.

SOVIET Teachers in Britain. "Makarenko's Contribution to Soviet Education." Lecture & Discussion. Prof. N. K. Goncharov (History of Pedagogics), M. Morozov (Literature), A. Voskresenskaya (Reading & Visual Aids), N. Kuzin (Local History), M. Zaluzhskaya (Pre-school Methodology). Sat., June 19, 7 p.m., at S.C.R., 14 Kensington Squ., W.8. Coffee, Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 1s.). Also "Question & Answer" meeting. Prof. Goncharov, &c. Thurs., June 24, 7 p.m., at Court Room, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Adm. 2s. (S.C.R. & students 1s. 6d.).

"MAO Tsé-tung on Literature and the Arts," lecture by J. Chinnery, lecturer in Chinese, Univ. of London. Chairman: K. Carline, chairman, Artists' International Association. 7.30, Wed., June 23, at Friends' House, Euston Rd. Adm. 1s. Arts & Sciences Ctee., B.C.F.A.

SARADA Centenary Women's Conference: Caxton Hall (near St. James's Park Stn.), Wed., June 30, 7 p.m. "Contributions to Spiritual Life by Women of Different Religions." Speakers: Phyllis Austin (Hinduism), Beatrice Saxon Snell (Christianity), Suman Rao (Hinduism), Begum Raschid (Islam), Rose Henriques (Judaism), Maureen Proudman (Buddhism), Sylvia Carmen (Christianity). All women welcome.

BEATRICE Pollard: "Solving Matrimonial Problems." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., June 20 at 6.30 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public Lecture, 6.30 p.m., Wed., June 23. "Where Zen and Theravada Meet": Mr. Ronald Fussell.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (Holborn). Thurs., June 24, 7.30: "Ramakrishna—His Spiritual Disciplines." All welcome. Weekly lectures recommence in September.

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesday 6.30. Caxton Hall. Subject for June 22: "The Idea of God in Yoga." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Mr. David Bronkhurst of the Jewish Spiritual Society on "A Jewish Attitude to Spiritualism." Horse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1, on Mon., June 21, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

RUSSIA.—What it is really like: C. Corcoran. Films: Palaces for Children & Songs and Dances. Hampstead Town Hall. Fri., June 25, 8 p.m. Adm. 1s. B.S.P.S. Education Committee.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

GERMAN Rearmament Conference: Sat., June 26, 2.30 p.m., Beaver Hall, Gt. Trinity Lane (Mansion Hse. Stn.). Spkrs.: Kenneth Younger, M.P., Frank Beswick, M.P. Tkts. 1s. 6d. from Fabian Soc., 11 Dartmouth St. S.W.1.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College, 62 Bayswater Rd., W.2. Tel. Pad. 3320. Director: H. R. Light, B.Sc., F.C.I.S. Comprehensive training for high-grade secretarial appointments for students of good general education. Appointments Bureau. Prospectus on application to Secretary.

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